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IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS 525

EDITORIALS

G. I. Enemy No. 1 527
New Hope for China? 528
Realism at the I. L. O. *by Keith Hutchison* 529

ARTICLES

Sedition and Circuses *by James Wechsler* 530
75 Years Ago in *The Nation* 531
Imperial Cross-Currents *by Frank H. Underhill* 532
Preview of the Second Front *by Donald W. Mitchell* 535
Tomorrow's Tires *by McAlister Coleman and Peter Elias* 537
In the Wind 539

POLITICAL WAR

The Paradox of German Morale *by Paul Sering* 540
Behind the Enemy Line *by Argus* 541

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Posada, Artist of Revolution *by Dorothy C. Miller* 542
"Outside in a Garden" *by F. W. Dupee* 544
History as Accident *by Joseph Freeman* 546
Fiction in Review *by Diana Trilling* 547
Drama Note *by Margaret Marshall* 548
Films *by James Agee* 549
Dance *by B. H. Haggin* 550

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS 551

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE NO. 62 *by Jack Barrett* 552

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The Shape of Things

IN THE OCCUPIED COUNTRIES OF WESTERN Europe, the Nazis are intensifying their drive against the resistance front in their rear. They know how dangerous the ill-fed, ill-armed patriots of the underground are likely to prove at the moment of invasion. And to the best of their vicious ability they are striving to hamstring the resistance movement by arrests, deportations, and executions. We hope the Anglo-American High Command is equally aware of the potential value of these waiting allies and is doing everything possible to aid them. We are, it is true, supplying them with constant encouragement and advice, but we should remember that an ounce of dynamite is worth a ton of exhortations. We should remember, too, that we are calling on the peoples of the occupied countries for great sacrifices. Their hour of liberation will be a bloody one. They will not shrink from the ordeal, but they will expect, and expect rightly, to be treated as full partners. They have suffered greatly during the occupation; they face the prospect of devastating material losses in the course of the invasion. But they retain their dignity as human beings. Have we the imagination not to affront it?

*

ONE OF *IZVESTIA'S* "ILL-BRED TAUNTS" GOT under the skin of the International Labor Conference last week. For some months the Governing Body of the I. L. O. has been making every effort to persuade Russia to rejoin the organization, from which it withdrew in 1939 following its expulsion from the League of Nations. When the Philadelphia conference opened, Moscow was still maintaining a stony silence, but hope lingered for the designation, at least, of a Soviet observer. This hope was dashed by the cabled report of an article in *Izvestia* in which the I. L. O. was described as a "bankrupt organization" which had "invited one or more fascist countries to participate" in its deliberations. Russia, it was indicated, would remain uninterested in membership unless ties with the League were severed and the I. L. O. recreated as an organ of the United Nations. These criticisms evoked rather peppery retorts from some delegates, including Miss Perkins and Robert J. Watt, A. F. of L. representative. However, after a cool-

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ing-off period, Walter Nash, deputy Premier of New Zealand, who presides over the conference, renewed the invitation to Russia to come back. The full text of the *Izvestia* article, he said, showed that it was less hostile than the cabled summary made it appear. Nevertheless, he admitted the improbability of Russia's return so long as the I. L. O. was tied to the League. That the I. L. O. cannot function effectively without Soviet participation is hardly a matter for debate. Indeed, Russia's continued absence may be the real reason for proposals by the British and Canadian governments which would serve to postpone decisions on the future status of the organization until its next conference. These governments, it is surmised, may be hesitant to commit themselves to new obligations to which Moscow is not a partner. But whatever the reason, their proposals are bitterly resented by the workers' group at the conference.

*

WE MAY ASSUME THAT MONTGOMERY WARD and Company, when it was filing 36,000 applications to the War Production Board for preference ratings on supplies, would have been both mad and hurt if any New Deal bureaucrat had dared to suggest that its activities were not essential to the war effort. But when, as a result of the company's refusal to comply with an order of the War Labor Board, the President directed the Army to take over the Ward plant in Chicago, Sewell Avery, chairman, declared that his company was a "non-war business" and insisted on being ejected from his office by force, to the tune of a great deal of publicity and loud cheers from the stalwarts of free enterprise. We don't see how Ward's can have it both ways —but that of course is the nub of the "philosophy" known as free enterprise, of which Mr. Avery is so eloquent an exponent. He wants priorities from the WPB but he is outside the jurisdiction of the WLB. We are sure he approves of labor's no-strike promise but he doesn't believe in umpires and he objects strenuously to such concessions as the maintenance-of-membership clause which labor has claimed as a substitute for the strike. He is said to feel it incumbent upon him to keep the "pioneer spirit" alive. But, alas, he is breaking a trail back to a promised land that died of drought and erosion in 1929.

*

IT IS NOT ENOUGH THAT BIG BUSINESS HAS moved in and captured the chief federal agencies dealing with production, contracts, and the financing of war plants, or that it has then blamed the weaknesses of those agencies on the "New Deal" and the President instead of on its own inefficiency and greed. No, the effrontery of big business goes well beyond these tactics of grabbing power and dodging responsibility. Its further aims are well defined in a recent attack on the Department of Justice in the *NAM News*, organ of the National Association of Manufacturers. This journal charged that the department had at first tried to prevent the oil industry from setting up its own advisory committee to take part in the discussion of a world oil agreement. Only under pressure, said the *NAM News*, was the ruling modified to permit three oil men to attend the talks if they took no part in them. Mr. Biddle, flatly denying the charges, took occasion to repeat the government's policy as laid down in previous similar cases. Abbreviated, that policy provides that consultation with private "technical experts" is permissible under the anti-trust laws so long as such persons have no hand in the making or carrying out of public policy. "That authority should be vested exclusively in public officers who are responsible to the President and Congress." And the department adds the warning that while "advisory committees representing private interests are one valuable source of information and advice . . . provision should be made so that *any group* [our italics] which feels that its interests are being neglected may present its grievances or suggestions to the government." It is hard to see just what objections the oil industry or the NAM can offer to such a ruling, except that it fails to turn over to private interests the power to control directly through their own agencies the economic policy of the government.

*

MR. DEWEY'S VIEWS ON FOREIGN POLICY have been a long time coming. Unkind critics are bound to ask: Where were you when the battle was thickest, when the lines were being drawn? And consulting the actual record it is not a little amusing to listen to Mr. Dewey's perhaps autobiographical account of the great American awakening: "First came the Republican Mackinac Charter, then the Moscow Charter, then the Fulbright and Connally resolutions." But Mr. Dewey is a bold historian. With a disinterested warning note for our own times—1944 in case we've forgotten—he suggests that the last post-war settlement failed because "those who drafted the treaty were tired war leaders. They could not find within themselves the physical and mental strength to make the peace a living reality." Well, the bright, fresh, unwarwearied Republicans of 1919-1920 did their best to redress Mr. Wilson's doddering efforts to set up a decent world order. But these, perhaps, are minor points. Of greater significance is the fact that through his brief political career Mr. Dewey has shown himself to be a cautious and fairly accurate opinion-sampler rather than a decisive leader. And if he says to the publishers, in his clear, ringing voice, that American objectives "are to organize in cooperation with other nations a structure of peace backed by adequate force to prevent future wars" then it probably means that the American people are fairly solidly behind the policy that

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Mr. Hull and Mr. Roosevelt have been proclaiming for many years. It means that not many of them like the tune Col. McCormick plays and that the isolationists who are backing Dewey will have to pipe down for the time being. Whether it means that the internationalists, leaving the President and the ghost of Mr. Willkie, will climb on the shiny, new Dewey bandwagon that now plays the Hull-Roosevelt marching song is another question.

*

THE REPUBLICAN PRESS IS SO BUSY THESE days describing Mr. Dewey's immense popularity and stressing the "ground swell against the New Deal" that it seems to have missed one item in the returns from the recent primary election in Pennsylvania. This is that a "write-in" candidate named Franklin Delano Roosevelt ran third in the Republican primary, well ahead of Pennsylvania's favorite son, Governor Martin, as well as other leading G. O. P. contestants such as Governor Bricker and Lieutenant-Commander Stassen. Mr. Roosevelt ran close to General MacArthur, who was second to Dewey. In addition to his surprising showing on the Republican ticket, President Roosevelt rolled up nearly twice as many votes in the uncontested Democratic primary as all the Republican candidates combined. Lest the Republicans may have forgotten, it might be added that Pennsylvania has thirty-six votes in the Electoral College, second only to New York.

*

WE GREATLY REGRET THAT MAYOR LaGuardia has chosen to associate himself with Governor Bricker of Ohio and Governor Edge of New Jersey in opposing the relocation in the East of loyal Americans of Japanese descent. The New York Mayor does not even have the excuse of economic self-interest which moved a group of New Jersey farmers to protest against the placement of Japanese Americans in their area. He is reported to have based his objections to relocation in New York on the ground that it held "potential dangers" to an area covered with military installations, war plants, and shipping facilities. In so doing the Mayor completely ignored the fact that only men and women who have proved their loyalty beyond question are being relocated. More than 20,000 have been placed in the two and a half years since Pearl Harbor, and not a single case of disloyalty has arisen. There has not been in fact one proved case of sabotage on the part of a Japanese American, either in this country or Hawaii, since the beginning of the war, even taking into account the so-called disloyal elements held by the FBI or at Tule Lake. This being the situation, Mr. LaGuardia should not encourage the fanatics and racial bigots in New York by taking fright so easily.

G. I. Enemy No. 1

JOHN E. RANKIN of Mississippi has become the Enemy No. 1 in Congress of the service man. After succeeding in depriving many soldiers of their right to vote, he is now blocking their right to unemployment insurance and other veterans' benefits. The so-called "G. I. Bill of Rights" was unanimously passed by the Senate on March 24 but is still bottled up in the House War Veterans Committee, of which Rankin is chairman.

The "G. I. Bill of Rights" is indorsed by both the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars and by labor organizations. It is an omnibus measure providing veterans of this war with hospitalization, education and vocational training, loans for homes, farms and businesses, employment service, and unemployment insurance benefits. It would give the Veterans' Administration an appropriation of $500,000,000 to provide additional hospital facilities for veterans. It would make them eligible for a year or more of additional education, allowing them $500 a year for tuition and $50 a month subsistence. It would authorize 3 per cent loans up to $1,000, which a veteran could use to build a home or buy a farm or set himself up in business. Most important of all, perhaps, is its provision allowing veterans a maximum of $15 a week in unemployment insurance for a maximum of fifty-two weeks in a period of twenty-four months after demobilization.

Unemployment compensation of this kind is essential, since soldiers earn no credit toward their unemployment insurance. Without such special provision, as Warren H. Atherton, national commander of the American Legion, said at a press conference in New York City, "should there be scarce employment [after the war], we will have two persons standing side by side, the war worker and the soldier, and the soldier will get nothing." But according to Atherton, Rankin is blocking the "G. I. Bill of Rights" because of this very provision. The head of the Legion told the press that Rankin informed him that he was opposed to all unemployment insurance. "If Mr. Rankin means that he wants to deny unemployment insurance to the men now carrying the bayonet for Uncle Sam," Atherton told the press, "the veterans of the American Legion intend to fight him right down the line and take the issue to every voter in the country."

Rankin attacks the Service Men's Aid Act of 1944, as the "G. I. Bill of Rights" is formally known, on the ground that it is "half-baked." But the measure has been in his committee for four months. It was unanimously reported out after full discussion by the Senate Finance Committee, one of the most conservative and careful committees in the Senate. "If it can't be baked in four months," Atherton said, "we need a new baker." A more likely objection on Rankin's part is that the bill

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embodies the recommendations on veterans' aid made by the President in special messages to Congress last October and November. In this case, as in that of the soldiers' vote bill, Rankin and his Southern Democratic bitter-enders hope, in alliance with the Republicans, to inflict another defeat on Mr. Roosevelt. They will not find it easy this time.

Behind Rankin's fight against the G. I. Bill of Rights is the desire of the sweatshoppers whom he represents to have an ample supply of cheap labor after the war. If veterans are guaranteed $15 a week unemployment insurance for fifty-two weeks, a floor is automatically put under wages. The task of driving down wages will be especially difficult for Rankin and his kind if Negro as well as white soldiers have this protection, and it thus becomes impossible to use cheap Negro labor to beat down the wages of white.

There is good authority to back this theory. On the floor of the Senate last week Bennett Champ Clark, Democrat, of Missouri, attacked Rankin for blocking aid to veterans on racial grounds. Clark said that Rankin and his supporters "are so unwilling to let the Negro troops have the unemployment insurance to which they are entitled that they would be willing to withhold deserved benefits from all our troops." But the results of Rankin's policy would be even more vicious and complex than Senator Clark implies. For his animosity toward the Negro is calculated to deprive all soldiers of unemployment protection and thus ensure a large supply of labor at distress wages in the event of a post-war depression. White soldier as well as black, like white worker and black, have a common interest in fighting this rancorous expression of all that is most vicious in our national life.

New Hope in China?

SEVERAL of the recent dispatches from Chungking appearing in the New York *Times* probably came as a considerable shock to the average newspaper reader because they ran directly counter to the prevailing highly censored view of China. Persons accustomed to read of China's great progress in recent years were hardly prepared, for example, for the flat admission by Sun Fo, president of the Legislative Yuan and son of the founder of the Chinese Republic, that "we [the Kuomintang] . . . assumed the attitude and habits of a ruling caste . . . suppressing outside criticism . . . and withholding from publication criticism within the party." Even more striking is the assertion of another prominent Kuomintang official that "village government has been for a long time the private preserve of the corrupt gentry and rapacious landlords [and] . . . since the war . . . these local despots have increased their power for evil-doing at the expense of our helpless peasantry." The same official added that "if a truly democratic government is to be built up in this country, these corrupt oppressors . . . must be deprived of their power."

It would be a mistake, however, to interpret these dispatches as an indication of a sudden deterioration in the Chinese political situation. Regular readers of *The Nation* have for many months known all the facts revealed in these reports. The one new development in the situation, and that an astounding one, is that prominent leaders in the Kuomintang should now be voicing criticisms which were vehemently denied by all Chungking officials only a few weeks ago and that the censor should permit such criticisms to reach this country. This suggests that some change of considerable importance may be brewing. Just what it may be, we are not told. But there are at least two possibilities. One is that the progressive elements in and out of the Kuomintang have at last got together and are on the verge of achieving a long-needed reorganization of the Chinese government. The fact that criticism of the reactionary tendencies within the Kuomintang was first voiced by Sun Fo, a leader of the liberal wing of the Kuomintang, would seem to support this hypothesis. Against it, however, is the fact that T. V. Soong, long regarded as the one man capable of leading China on the path to democracy, has only recently been stripped of his post as director of the Bank of China and is believed to have lost a large part of his influence in Kuomintang and government circles.

The second possibility is that the government itself, under its present leadership, is contemplating drastic "reforms" as an answer to the criticisms of the Kuomintang's totalitarian tendencies that have been aired in recent months in both Britain and America. This would relegate Sun Fo's statement to the category of a trial balloon. Although there are no official indications that such reforms have actually been decided upon, some of the dispatches hint at a lifting of the present drastic restrictions on the domestic press. This would be in line with the modification in censorship policies that apparently have already taken place. Such changes obviously are desirable. But it is doubtful whether in themselves they would go very far toward alleviating the anxiety of Western critics regarding the Chinese situation. For in their view the root evil is the feudal landlord system, which prevents China from developing an all-out war effort either in the economic or in the political sphere. This situation, as the Chungking critics now admit, has become worse as the government has retreated into the interior. Freedom of the press would ultimately aid in dealing with the problem. But there obviously can be neither true freedom of the press nor fundamental economic reforms without some shift in the orientation of political power.

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Realism at the I.L.O.

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Philadelphia, April 26

I HAVE been listening to a three-day debate on post-war social and economic problems in which none of the speakers that I heard so much as mentioned "private enterprise." This, I am sure, will shock a great many people in this country and may suggest to them that there is something Bolshevist about the International Labor Conference, now holding its twenty-sixth session here. Let me hasten to add therefore that I haven't heard anyone mention the word "socialism" either. The busy delegates—a distinguished cross-section of the statesmen, government officials, labor leaders and business men of forty-one nations—have no time to indulge in academic debate. They are facing problems too vast and pressing to be fitted neatly into ideological frames of reference.

The pragmatic approach to economic questions which is being forced upon European statesmen was reflected in a brilliantly lucid speech by André Tixier, representing the French National Committee of Liberation. The occupied countries of Europe, he pointed out, would be concerned after liberation not merely with the task of reconversion but with the necessity for total reconstruction. While no one could tell just what conditions would exist after the Germans had withdrawn, it was certain that the immediate prospects for economic activity would be extremely limited. Factories and communications would be badly damaged if not totally destroyed; machinery worn-out or transported to Germany; raw-material stocks exhausted. And with economic life at a standstill the French government would immediately have to tackle the huge problem of repatriating and resettling millions of war prisoners and deported workers.

Under these circumstances, M. Tixier said, any suggestion that liberation would bring automatic recovery was a dangerous illusion. So long as total supplies were inadequate, the state would have to control and plan distribution and production, operating a strict system of priorities for labor, materials, and investment. It would be a severe regime, embodying the principles which the United States and Britain had been compelled to adopt in their war economies. "It has not been chosen," M. Tixier added, "in the light of doctrinal, social, and economic preferences, but under the pressure of immediate and practical needs, in so far as we can foresee them."

Probably not even the most rugged of individualists would deny the inevitability of government intervention in the case of France and other occupied countries, which means most of Europe. But the International Labor Organization is looking beyond the immediate period of reconstruction, and the program it is considering at this time implies a large and permanent degree of planning, national and international. The main object of the present conference is to adapt the structure and policies of the I. L. O. so as to enable it to play its part in implementing the social provisions of the Atlantic Charter.

This is leading the organization into fields where it never ventured in the first twenty-five years of its existence. But most of the delegates here seem to feel that the I. L. O. can no longer confine its work to questions of hours, accident prevention, protection of women and children in industry, and the like. The Atlantic Charter pledges "improved labor standards, economic advancement, and social security" for all—ideals which can hardly be reached unless there is international cooperation in promoting full employment and a rising standard of living.

If, however, full employment is to come within the purview of the I. L. O., it cannot ignore such questions as monetary stabilization, international investment policies, raw-material controls, and the regulation of cartels. Policies on these matters will no doubt be constructed by meetings of governments or by specially created international organizations. But it should be the function of the I. L. O., as guardian of the social conscience of the world, to "scrutinize" international economic policies and point out their social implications.

This, very briefly, is the purport of the first two resolutions on the conference agenda, and it must be admitted that they cover a large amount of ground. Robert J. Watt, A. F. of L. representative, suggested that it was too large. The I. L. O., he said, should restrict its efforts to the promotion of economic democracy; social justice would follow in due course. More violent criticism came from Colonel Chapa, Mexican employer delegate, who attacked the resolutions as inadmissible interference with national sovereignties.

His point of view, however, seemed to attract singularly little support. The majority of the delegates appear quite prepared for large measures of international planning, while they take government intervention on the national level for granted. Nor is this hard to understand. The European nations face a condition, not a theory—a condition of economic chaos which will not yield to the profit motive. As for the extra-European nations represented at the conference, they are mostly semi-colonial countries seeking, in the words of Lombardo Toledano, "to emerge from the historically backward period in which we live and to become a part of modern society enjoying the benefits of civilization." The spirit in which the I. L. O. is approaching these problems seemed to me far more realistic than that animating current economic discussions in the United States. Here we are assiduously cultivating the *mystique* of private enterprise; abroad, pragmatism is the order of the day. Can there, one wonders, be tolerance and cooperation between these two philosophies?

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Sedition and Circuses

BY JAMES WECHSLER

Washington, April 26

AS THE nation's biggest war-time sedition trial gets under way in the crowded District courtroom here, an atmosphere of sickness and unreality envelops the whole proceeding. Seldom have so many wild-eyed, jumpy, lunatic-fringe characters been assembled in one spot, within speaking, winking, and whispering distance of one another. People who have read some of their more frenzied works and who remember their wackier public performances find it a trifle difficult to spend the day in their company without feeling jittery by nightfall. They cease to be comic figures. They jabber to each other about the Jews on the prospective jury; they cast suspicious glances at both innocent bystanders and their fellow-prisoners; they are firmly convinced that no man who ever voted for Franklin D. Roosevelt could possibly give them a fair trial.

In effect the thirty defendants—twenty-eight men and two women—are accused of conspiring to incite mutiny in the nation's armed forces and of acting as full-fledged partners in a worldwide Nazi campaign to divide and conquer democracy. O. John Rogge, directing the government's prosecution, has emphasized that he does not propose to use the trial as a forum against conventional isolationists. He has promised that he will show the defendants did more than oppose American preparedness, more than question our war aims, more than echo the arguments of the Berlin radio. What he proposes to demonstrate is that their shrill cries for peace, their Jew-baiting, their passionate Anglophobia were deliberately linked to the propaganda program fashioned by the Nazis, and that the connection between their views and those voiced by the Axis was not accidental. On the basis of this pledge the Civil Liberties Union and similar agencies have refrained from any intervention in the trial. But while awaiting the presentation of the government's case, they reserve the right to object later if the essential evidence is not brought out.

With the trial in progress for less than a fortnight, it has already become clear that neither the defendants, their counsel, nor the Patterson-McCormick press will permit any temperate weighing of the issues. A succession of incidents has quickly proved that for many of the defendants this is the propaganda chance of a lifetime, and several of the attorneys have been less than judicious in helping their clients to use the courtroom as a sounding-board. Most conspicuous in this role have been James J. Laughlin, representing Edward James Smythe; Ira Chase Koehne, speaking for Lois de Lafayette Washburn, the over-eager lady who gave the Nazi salute to photographers on the opening day of the trial; and a few other lawyers whose pronouncements, in and out of court, have borne a striking resemblance to the pamphlets the defendants used to issue before they were indicted. The first court sessions have been largely taken up with orations designed to prove that the only issue is whether these good men and women should be penalized for exercising the basic American right of disliking Jews. Defense attorneys ask about the ancestry of all talesmen. They ask whether government employees on the panel are subordinate to Jewish officials. They want Justice Frankfurter, Bernard Baruch, Samuel I. Rosenman summoned to testify. They snicker when a juror confesses that he was born in Minsk. It is often difficult to tell the defendants from their lawyers without a scorecard. With tenacious persistence a group of defense counsel has endeavored to bury the essential charge made by the government—that the defendants are wilful associates of the Nazi network—and to picture the trial as a brawl between Jews and other citizens.

In this effort the Chicago *Tribune* and the Washington *Times-Herald* have valiantly assisted. These two Patterson-McCormick papers have soberly, and significantly, featured irresponsible motions by defense counsel accusing "Jewish-Communist" organizations of instigating the prosecution, linking the FBI and the Anti-Defamation League, suggesting that the trial is the product of the warped brains of (Jewish) New Dealers. Ignoring Rogge's repeated assertions that he will not use the case to discredit Congressional anti-interventionists who may have inadvertently provided lunch and dinner for some of the defendants, various persons at the Capitol have raised their voices in a sort of sympathetic chorus with the murmurings of the accused seditionists.

It is natural, in a proceeding of this sort, to wonder whether the defendants, tried in time of war, can receive a full and free hearing, but developments so far have indicated that it is the government which will have the toughest task in winning a favorable reception for its testimony from the public. The defendants and their counsel act as if they were confident of support in many high places, and as if the trial afforded them a supreme opportunity to recite their pieces to a nation-wide audience. Meanwhile both the judge and the prosecution are hampered by the fear of later reversal growing out of any "prejudicial" word or deed.

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Of course, pronounced contrasts among the defendants can be noted. They range from learned, scholarly-looking, self-composed Lawrence Dennis to rabble-rousing, pretty-boy Joe McWilliams; from aged, dozing Eugene Sanctuary to buxom, bellicose Elizabeth Dilling. In the line-up, too, are white-haired James True, self-proclaimed inventor of the "kike-killer"; noisy James Edward Smythe, who recently proposed a "nation-wide day of prayer"; George Sylvester Viereck, shrewd, slippery German agent, showing prison pallor as a result of a previous conviction for failing to register as a foreign agent. Two-bit Führers, hangers-on, frustrated and ailing souls who turned to fascism to get some fun out of life are all represented in this depressing company. Some of them became notorious through their wordy periodicals, some through their violent anti-Semitism, some for their early and fervid espousal of Adolf Hitler—like William Dudley Pelley, who once boasted that he spotted Hitler before any of his pro-fascist contemporaries saw that he was going places.

One wonders what the biographical data in each case would reveal as the original source of the aberration. The Bundsmen, several of whom are already in jail and regard the current trial as an outing from the monotony of prison, are probably easiest to explain. Most of them are Germans, serving the Fatherland. It is more difficult to figure out the motivation of the widely differing Americans. For whether they are convicted of conspiracy or not, their pro-fascist sentiments have been exhibited beyond dispute. Many of them can be conveniently described as crackpots. But are crackpots born or made?

Whatever the conclusion about the individuals on trial here, the seriousness of the case is unmistakable. Its civil-liberties aspect is of crucial concern since the conspiracy charge is one of the most tenuous in all our legal procedure. Certainly it is vital for the government to show that these characters were not merely spiritual sympathizers with the Hitler cause but active agents of the enemy, aware of the nature of the service they were performing. At the same time, disastrous consequences would follow a government defeat in the prosecution. Such an outcome would be the signal for an unprecedented pro-fascist crusade to begin. Innocent or guilty of the charge on which they are being tried, all the accused have announced their contempt for democracy, for minority rights, for racial equality, for the elementary rules of our society. None of them seem impressed by the fact that they are receiving a fair, dispassionate hearing under the guidance of Judge Edward C. Eicher, who seems to embody all the gentle, restrained, and thoughtful qualities of the ideal democratic jurist. They heckle him in the courtroom, sneer at him in the corridor, denounce him in published statements, demand that he dismiss himself from the case. And Colonel Robert R. McCormick seconds all the motions.

75 Years Ago in "The Nation"

THE GREAT AND CRYING FAULTS of Grant's Administration thus far have been the appointment of several worthless men to important offices, and his adherence to the old principle of rotation. These cannot be too severely denounced; but as regards the Cabinet and the general policy of the government, for heaven's sake let us for once give the President at least six months' trial.—*May 6, 1869.*

DOCTOR HORACE BUSHNELL is engaged in the preparation of a work which will surely attract attention just now, and procure for its author a great deal of sympathy—for he is certain to be well abused. "Woman Suffrage, or the Reform Against Nature" is the title he gives it; and no one who knows the character of his writings will expect the body of the book to be less forcible in manner than this defiant title-page.—*May 6, 1869.*

TWO OR THREE OF THE PAPERS in this number of the *North American* are of a character to suggest the thought that, much as the usefulness and influence of quarterly magazines have declined of late years, they still fill a place that needs to be filled. . . . Mr. Henry Brooks Adams contributes an essay, which deserves to be styled statesman-like, reviewing the work of the last session of Congress. . . . What it says of the Alabama treaty, the treaty for the purchase of St. Thomas, the economic measures of the present Administration, the "rings" that control the Senate and the House, the Tenure-of-Office bill—is all talk upon subjects upon which everybody has talked; but these subjects have seldom been treated with anything like the independence of thought and plainness of sensible speech that Mr. Adams brings to the discussion of them.—*May 6, 1869.*

TO SAY THAT the Pacific Railroad is finished is quite as much as to say, in the words of the only poet whom we have as yet observed grappling with the subject:

> Hail to the pathway of nations here,
> It runs today through a hemisphere.

Half-past twelve (local time) of the tenth instant was the moment of driving the last nail, and before sunset the event was celebrated, not very noisily but very heartily, throughout the country. Chicago made a procession seven miles long; New York hung out bunting, fired a hundred guns, and held thanksgiving services in Trinity; Philadelphia rang the old Liberty Bell; and many towns burnt powder in honor of the consummation of a work which, as all good Americans believe, gives us a road to the Indies, a means of making the United States a halfway house between the East and West, and, last but not least, a new guaranty of the perpetuity of the Union as it is.—*May 13, 1869.*

AFTER A LONG DELAY, which was spent in pretty vigorous discussion and canvassing, Professor Charles W. Eliot, the nominee of the Harvard College Corporation, has been confirmed as president of the Board of Overseers. The majority in his favor was two to one or sixteen to eight.—*May 27, 1869.*

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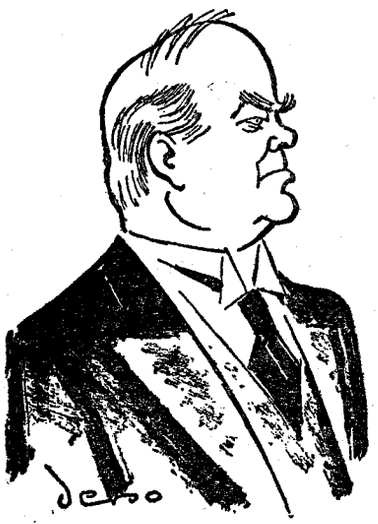
Imperial Cross-Currents

BY FRANK H. UNDERHILL

Toronto, April 25

AN OLD and experienced Canadian newspaperman once remarked that with every new government Canada is made into a nation over again. So also it might be said that with every new Imperial Conference the British nations are made into a united Commonwealth over again. And another Imperial Conference is about to meet in London.



Premier King of Canada

The fifth Colonial Conference was held in London in April, 1907. One of the chief questions which it had to consider was a proposal from the British government for the creation of an Imperial Council. This body was not defined very precisely as to constitution or functions, but it was to take the place of the Conference, it was to have a permanent secretariat, and the clear intention was that it should grow into an important policy-making body in British imperial affairs. The proposal was welcomed by Australia, Natal, and the Cape, but was emphatically rejected by the Canadian government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. This opposition from Canada was decisive. The new Liberal government which had just come into office was not much interested in a proposition emanating from its Conservative predecessors; and it was strongly opposed to the other main question before the Conference, Australia's proposal of mutual tariff preferences. After considerable debate the door on imperial preference was "banged, barred, and bolted"—the phrase was that of young Mr. Winston Churchill, who was a Liberal at the time and held a junior position in the British government. Instead of setting up an Imperial Council, the Conference changed its name from Colonial to Imperial Conference; that is, the British nations decided not to create a new central authority for carrying out a common policy but to conduct their relations through the cooperation of independent authorities in the mother-country and the dominions.

Today, in 1944, the prime ministers of His Majesty's several independent governments are to meet once again in conference in London. The air is once again full of vague schemes of imperial consolidation. Lord Halifax set tongues wagging by his Toronto speech of January 24, in which he declared that the British nations could play their proper part in the world only if they acted as one united Commonwealth speaking with one voice. Prime Minister Curtin of Australia has come forward with a rather indefinite proposal for an Imperial Council with a permanent secretariat, as in 1907. Ever since Canada's somewhat unhappy experiences with the Ottawa agreements of 1932, schemes for imperial preferences as the basis of a British economic empire have not been in such favor here as they used to be. And our Canadian Premier, Mr. King, the disciple of Laurier, has emphatically rejected Lord Halifax's conception of a British Commonwealth speaking with one voice in world affairs. So it wouldn't be surprising if after long discussion the 1944 Conference decided, like the 1907 one, to change its name—this time from Imperial to Commonwealth Conference.

Laurier's steady opposition through four conferences to all projects for the setting up of a central authority in the Empire fixed the course of evolution for the self-governing British nations. His purely negative work was consolidated by the positive achievements of Sir Robert Borden and General Smuts in the war-making and peace-making of the years 1914-19.

Smuts and Borden denied that the Commonwealth must either create some central authority dealing with defense and foreign policy or disintegrate into separate isolationist units. The British Commonwealth which, under their leadership, emerged from the First World War was a free association of independent nation-states, each in complete charge of its own affairs but agreeing to consult with the others. This form of association has been the despair of logicians, theorists, and absolutists. In periods of tranquillity it doesn't look like an association at all; in periods of danger it works like a well-trained team. Americans find it difficult to understand because they can't understand a team without a coach.

Borden and Smuts not merely set the pattern for future relations among the British nations but achieved for the dominions a new international status which made still more impossible the idea of a single foreign policy for the British Commonwealth, expressed through some central organ of government. By insisting on the individual representation of the dominions at the peace con-

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ference, on their individual signing of the peace treaties, on their individual membership in the League of Nations and the International Labor Organization, they launched the dominions into world politics as distinct independent nations, each speaking with a voice of its own. In the 1920's Canada and the Irish Free State took the lead in completing this process by establishing their own diplomatic representation in foreign capitals, beginning with Washington. They were followed by South Africa. After persisting for two decades in conducting their foreign relations through the instrumentality of the British Foreign Office, Australia and New Zealand have finally accepted the Canadian method and during this war have established their own legations at Washington. Canada in the meantime has sent ministers to Russia and China, and also to most of the European governments who are on our side in this war, as well as to the chief Latin American republics. It has been making its own lend-lease agreements not merely with Britain but with Russia, China, the Free French, and the other European governments in exile.

The British nations have also established diplomatic representation at one another's capitals, through ambassadors who are called high commissioners. Long-distance telephone and air transport make personal contact among Cabinet ministers and government officials of the five nations increasingly easy, and it is hard to see what can be achieved by the setting up of any new agency such as Premier Curtin has suggested.

The main point to understand is that the nations of the Commonwealth are no longer likely to move either toward disintegration or toward consolidation into a closely knit organization expressing itself with one voice. The dominions are proud that in 1940, when Hitler overran Europe, the British nations stood together by themselves to oppose him with arms. After such an experience their relationship with one another is bound to be one of special intimacy. But this does not mean that any one of them would break off the direct contacts which it has also established with non-British countries or acquiesce in having its foreign policy declared for it by majority decision in some British Commonwealth Conference or Council. In the long run a British bloc in world politics would not be likely to work out for the benefit of the British countries or of the world at large. Premier King has made it very clear that this is his opinion. And the other day he was supported by Premier Fraser of New Zealand (as reported in the New York *Times* of April 18): "It would not help any world system if the Commonwealth members or any other combination went into a world conference bound by prior decisions that would nullify the purposes of a world organization."

Great Britain is a European state acutely aware that its relative power in the world and in Europe has been declining. If the Smuts suggestions for its closer union with the states of Western Europe come to anything, it will be more involved in European affairs than ever. The dominions, like the United States, have always shown a strong reluctance to intervene in Europe except in a crisis. The continuous emphasis on Commonwealth unity which marks all British speeches is designed to persuade the dominions to overcome this reluctance and to assure Britain of their continued support in its exposed European position. British statesmen have been so long accustomed to a dominant role in international affairs that they will not willingly accept the position of a third power inferior to the United States and the U. S. S. R. They are already busy marking out a British sphere of influence which will give them greater weight as against their two giant allies. This is what Lord Halifax is thinking of when he tells us that the unity of the Commonwealth is "a condition necessary to that working partnership with the United States, Russia, and China to which we look," and when he adds that "if we are to play our rightful part in the preservation of peace, we can only play it as a Commonwealth, united, vital, and coherent."

There seems to be an impression abroad, however, that the whole Commonwealth is yearning for some more closely integrated form of unity and that the chief obstacle is the King government in Canada. This is due to the widely reported speeches of Marshal Smuts and Lord Halifax and to Premier Curtin's proposal for some kind of continuous Council. As a matter of fact, the members of the Commonwealth—always excepting Eire—cannot be distinguished from one another in the degree of whole-heartedness with which they are cooperating in the war. Each member, however, owing to its geographical position, has a distinct national point of view and wishes to advance certain special national interests; and it happens just now that the other members find it more convenient than does Canada to express these national policies in the language of Commonwealth enthusiasm.

South Africa has long nourished ambitions to play a leading role in its own African continent. South African statesmen have certain ideas about the proper relation of blacks and whites in Africa, ideas which they hold in common with the white leaders of the Rhodesias, Kenya, and the other British East African communities, and which differ widely from the ideas held by the British Colonial Office. When Field Marshal Smuts talks about a regional reorganization of the British Empire, with dominions taking over the responsibility for certain dependent colonies, or colonies uniting to form new dominions, he is really inviting the Colonial Office to retire from its inconvenient trusteeship on behalf of the blacks in southern and eastern Africa and

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to leave these matters to the whites on the spot. But at the same time South Africa is well aware that with so many European powers eager for expansion in Africa, its security needs the continued backing of Great Britain. And so South Africa remains a strong supporter of a united British Commonwealth policy, but hopes eventually to steer this policy in the direction it wishes.

Churchill

Australia and New Zealand occupy exposed positions in the South Pacific. They have ambitions for leadership in that area, and are conscious of their function as the one secure strategic base for the white peoples in the South Pacific. Premier Curtin wants to be sure of the continued support of the Commonwealth; his proposals for an Imperial Council are meant to insure that British policy does not become too centered in Europe; Australia does not want another Singapore fiasco. But the South Pacific dominions understand quite clearly that the main guaranty of their security must come from the United States. And the language of the Australia-New Zealand pact shows that they will not sink their identity in any exclusive British bloc. In Clause 7 they announce their determination "that their interests should be protected by representation at the highest level on all armistice-planning and executive bodies." And in Clause 14 they declare that "the two governments regard it as a matter of cardinal importance that they should both be associated not only in the membership but also in the planning and establishment of the general international organization referred to in the Moscow Declaration of October, 1943, which organization is based on the principle of the sovereign equality of all peace-loving states and open to membership by all states large or small." The regional South Pacific security organization to which they look forward is one that will include all the powers with interests in that area.

Canada differs from the other members of the Commonwealth in that it has no special national interests in its part of the world for which it requires British Commonwealth support. Its general interest in world peace and prosperity it shares with all nations of good-will. Back in the middle of the last century, when Canadians were fearful of the expansionist ambitions of the United States, Sir John Macdonald was as insistent in demanding British support of Canada's security as the statesmen of South Africa or Australia are today. But we are no longer afraid of a sinister American ambition to absorb us, and so we do not ask for British support against it.

Moreover, Canada faces two new issues in regard to which it is driven to act as an autonomous nation rather than as a member of the British Commonwealth. It is getting closer to joining the Pan-American Union, and obviously its application for membership will not be welcomed by the twenty-one American republics unless it approaches them definitely as an independent nation; they would not tolerate Canadian membership in their association if that were to mean that Great Britain was getting in by the back door. Canada also is beginning to realize that modern transportation developments are making it a buffer state between the United States and the U. S. S. R. The maintenance of permanent good relations between its great southern and northern neighbors has become a vital interest for Canada. And it is not likely to make any very effective contribution to this end by operating as part of a British bloc engaged in intricate maneuvers for maintaining a British balance against both Russians and Americans. Which is what Lord Halifax and Marshal Smuts really invite us to do when they propose some closer Commonwealth unity "in foreign policy, in defense, in economic affairs, in colonial questions, and in communications." Canada and the United States, as a matter of fact, have worked out a regional system of cooperation since the Ogdensburg and Hyde Park agreements which probably goes farther in practice than the Anzac pact recently sketched out on paper.

The more Canadians think about it, the more dangerous does the Smuts-Halifax type of balance-of-power politics appear. The nations of the British Commonwealth are not powerful enough, no matter what their form of association may be, to provide for their own security by themselves. They may seek a wider basis for that security in some form of Anglo-American cooperation. But this threatens in turn to divide the world into two rival camps, the Anglo-American versus the Russian, which would be a development with sinister implications for a country in Canada's geographical position. No basis of security narrower than a worldwide United Nations organization can achieve what they desire.

At any rate the Canadian reception of the Halifax speech was distinctly cold. Mr. King on behalf of the Liberal government rejected its main thesis. The Cooperative Commonwealth Federation and the Social Credit Party also rejected it. Mr. Bracken, the leader of the Conservatives, at first expressed the delightfully noncommittal opinion that Lord Halifax's speech was a magnificent presentation of his point of view, and later, under pressure from the imperialist section of his party, gave out another statement full of pious generalities about the British Commonwealth but carefully avoiding the real issue, which is whether the nations of the Commonwealth are to face the world in a British bloc with a single unified foreign policy.

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Preview of the Second Front

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

AN EXCELLENT preview of the "second front" was provided three days before Pearl Harbor when the Chicago *Tribune* published a highly confidential plan for American participation in total war prepared by the Joint Board. Probably no document of equal importance has ever been so widely disregarded in America, but we can be sure that it has been well studied by the German general staff. Naturally, some of its forecasts were inaccurate, and events have forced a number of major changes in the strategy it outlined. Nevertheless, when we check the history of the war during the past two and a half years against this blueprint, we realize that, broadly speaking, it did foreshadow the strategy that has been followed. We can therefore appreciate the hints it offers as to action in the immediate future.

The plans of the Joint Board looked to a major land operation for the defeat of Germany, prior to any final effort against Japan, but it made no attempt to set an exact date. Shortages of weapons and transport were expected to hold up the attack at least until the middle of 1943; the Army Air Corps estimated that it would be three years before the major offensive could be staged. Regardless of timing, our top military and naval strategists listed five conditions as prerequisites to an invasion of Europe. These were:

> 1. The surface and subsurface vessels of the Axis must be swept from the seas. . . .
> 2. Overwhelming air superiority must be accomplished.
> 3. The economic and industrial life of Germany must be rendered ineffective. . . .
> 4. The combat effectiveness of the German air and ground units must be weakened by dispersion and shortage of materials. . . .
> 5. Popular support of the war effort by the people of the Axis powers must be weakened, and their confidence shattered by subversive activities, propaganda, deprivation, and the destruction wrought.

The first change in this program was one of emphasis. The "second front" established by German U-boats off the Atlantic coast was for months so successful that the problem of launching a new major military operation appeared insoluble. In May of 1942, for example, the United States had less than half the tonnage needed to fulfil existing commitments. It was necessary to produce far more cargo vessels and escort warships than our war plan had foreseen. Only after months of "taking it" did an enormous output of merchant shipping and better convoy protection enable us to restore the balance at sea.

The second change was occasioned by an exceedingly fortunate development for the United Nations. The amazingly strong fight put up by the Russians reduced the military requirements for an invasion of Europe. The Anglo-American invasion became a "second front"; the primary front which could be expected to engage most of Germany's energies lay in Russia. Had not this development occurred, it is certain that the war could not have been won. The 215 divisions considered necessary in 1941 would have proved entirely inadequate to meet larger German armies on their own soil.

The decision to launch the preliminary "try-out" attack in North Africa rather than in Norway involved a third though minor change. The blunders that have been committed in the Italian campaign do not alter the fact that launching the attack in the Mediterranean was one of the wisest decisions of the entire war. At comparatively low cost, the Allies cleared the Mediterranean, inflicted heavy casualties on the enemy, ended the German threat to the Near East, knocked Hitler's main European partner out of the war, opened the back door to the Balkans, and gained air bases for hitting the southern half of occupied Europe. Their main strategic blunder was the decision to press on beyond Naples and the Foggia airfields when the gains from additional conquests in Italy no longer justified the costs.

Whether the British and Americans could have opened a first-class front elsewhere in Europe during the summer or fall of 1943 is open to serious question. The increases in available merchant tonnage all through that year were phenomenal, but very large forces had to be shipped abroad and the landing craft needed were simply not present in any large numbers—the result of a much-publicized blunder on the part of the Bureau of Ships. As late as the end of January, 1944, the War Department put the number of troops overseas at only two and a half to three million, and did not expect to bring it up to four million before the end of 1944.

Since the second front did not develop in 1943 as promised, the United Nations gave their airmen the green light. For well over a year, operating in great force and under uniquely favorable conditions, the R. A. F. and the United States Army Air Force have tested the air-power theories of Douhet and Seversky. In many cases heavy damage has unquestionably been done, but in others early claims have later been scaled

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down or entirely discredited. It has been so difficult to learn precise results that on the same day that the Eighth Air Force recently claimed a reduction of German fighter strength by 350 planes since November an R. A. F. commentator admitted an increase of 250 planes during the same period. These estimates were made after a period of prolonged bombardment of plane factories that should have reduced the number of German fighters by far more than 350—if the announced results of the bombings were at all accurate.

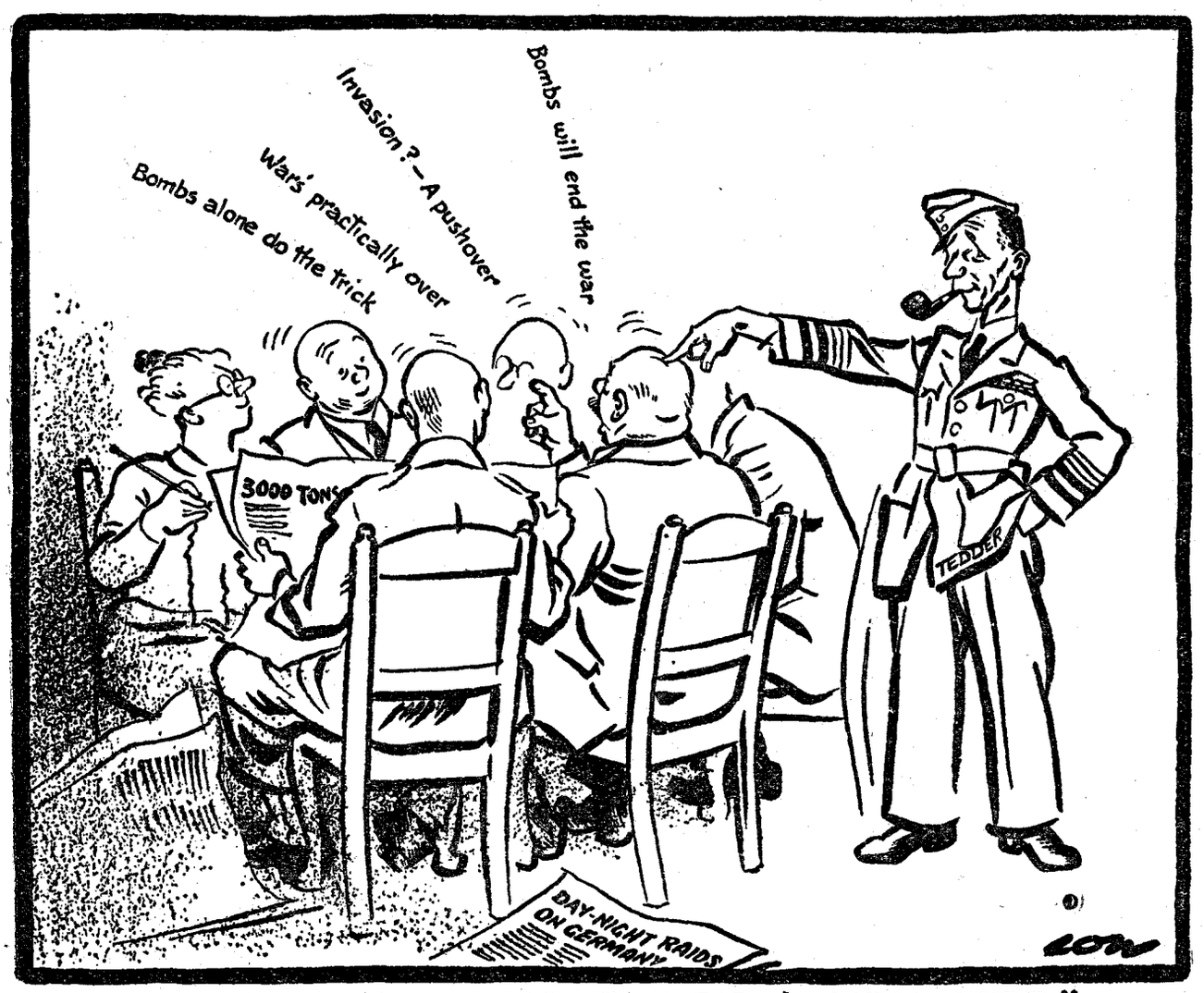
Strategic bombing has not knocked and probably cannot knock Germany out of the war, despite the vast destruction it has caused. Aerial bombing like blockade is a weapon of attrition. It has gradually reduced German strength, and some of the gains in Russia are indirectly due to this factor. But events have not yet indicated that either the land defenses or the well-dispersed economy of a skilful and determined foe can be made ineffective by bombing alone.

On the other hand, we clearly have the overwhelming air superiority demanded by the 1941 blueprint. While the Germans are doubtless saving fighter aviation for the invasion attempt, we should be able to give very strong tactical support to our invading ground forces and keep casualties from bombing relatively low.

Anglo-American naval superiority is about as complete as can be expected in a conflict between major powers. The margin includes an abundance of merchant shipping, steadily improving defenses against submarine and air attack, and "expendable" ships to use for in-shore support of troops.

It is far harder to estimate the military effectiveness of the Anglo-American invasion forces. Most of the troops have been thoroughly trained and are as ready to see battle as inexperienced units ever can be. One question concerns leadership, and if some of the weaknesses revealed in Italy have not been corrected we may expect to suffer not only heavy but clearly avoidable casualties.

Within bounds we can probably fix the scene of the invasion attempt. While diversions and feints may be made in Norway, Greece, or southern France, the time has passed when a policy of cautious nibbling at Germany's outposts is necessary. The invasion coast should be in an area vital to Germany and within reach of land-based fighter planes. These considerations suggest that the main effort will be made along the Channel



"WHEN I SAID 'SOFTENING UP', I DIDN'T MEAN HERE"

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coast of France or the western North Sea coast of Belgium or Holland. In view of the clear situation existing, it is doubtful whether the feints and dress rehearsals mentioned by Mr. Churchill will make it possible to surprise the enemy.

How much strength Germany has been able to hold back from the Russian mauling in preparation for attack in the west is the greatest single unknown factor. Between forty and fifty divisions have been reported in France, about half of which are troops recuperating from the Russian fighting. The others form an army of maneuver under Rommel, one of the few great tacticians produced by the present war. At one time it was reported that Germany's defeats in the east were partly due to its concentration of power in the west in the hope of repelling a landing attempt and then shifting men east once more before the Russians had advanced into vital areas. While this explanation seems highly doubtful, it cannot be ruled out. Everything indicates a great shortage of German reserves. But the only safe assumption is that the invasion will meet a stubborn resistance from brilliantly led veteran troops.

The practical difficulties before us should not obscure the fact that Germany's strategic position is almost hopeless. From the air above, from the east, from the south, and from the west it is beset by numerically superior foes grimly determined on its military annihilation. With the waning of the U-boat's ability to hold American military aid at arm's length, this steel circle has been steadily contracting. At sea and in the air the Nazis have already lost the war.

Our own position has its dangers; among them are the overconfidence and tendency to let down typical of Americans and also the innate difficulty of conducting landing operations against a strongly fortified coastline. Our victory is only potential; we could suffer a bloody repulse. Yet the conditions held prerequisite to invasion in 1941 have been achieved about as well as they can be. A sufficiently powerful offensive on land can now end the war.

Tomorrow's Tires

BY McALISTER COLEMAN AND PETER ELIAS

DISCUSSION of the future prospects of natural and synthetic rubber continues to bounce in and out of the press, with bewildering effects. One day we are told that the synthetic-rubber industry is so firmly on its wheels that natural rubber is on the way out of the picture, and the next day that mass production of synthetic automobile tires will not be practicable until long after the war. It is possible, however, to state with a fair degree of accuracy—in terms other than those of advertising hoopla—what the situation with respect to rubber is at present and what the prospects are for a large-scale synthetic industry.

Our average consumption of rubber for 1939, 1940, and 1941 was about 670,000 tons, and unless there is a severe depression after the war, consumption will probably remain at that level or go higher. We, the people, have invested $615,000,000 in our government-owned synthetic-rubber plants—plants which the benevolent Jesse Jones will probably try to sell to the private rubber companies at around 20 cents on the dollar as soon as the guns cease firing. It is slightly ironic that Bernard Baruch, who through the summer of 1942 sat in a park in Washington figuring out a workable plan for rubber, should now be advocating the return, as quickly as possible, of government-owned plants to the privateers.

The Baruch rubber report, released September 10, 1942, advised the appointment of a Rubber Director and suggested the production of 1,100,000 tons of synthetic a year. Since then the amount has been somewhat scaled down, and the present program calls for 813,000 tons. President Roosevelt appointed William M. Jeffers Rubber Director and empowered him to decide what plants should be built and who should build and operate them, and to pass upon the designs offered. Companies whose plans are approved get the necessary funds from the Defense Plant Corporation, Mr. Jones's agency for subsidizing "free enterprise" at the expense of the people. The DPC then leases the plants to the companies. The rubber produced in them is sold by the companies to the Rubber Reserve Corporation, another Jones outfit, which takes care of the finances and distributes the rubber as the War Production Board allocates it. All this, of course, is just dandy for the companies, and they are spending a great deal of money that would otherwise go into income taxes telling us how well they are doing.

Jeffers got the program under way in a remarkably short time. He retired several months ago, and at his suggestion Roosevelt appointed his deputy, Colonel Bradley Dewey, to take his place. The program has been going along smoothly, although a bit behind schedule, and capacity operation is expected soon. Operation of the plants and production of the vital rubber is temporarily out of the hands of Jesse Jones, which is probably just

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as well for the future of the United Nations' supply. Jones's attitude toward the rubber problem may be gathered from a classic statement he made to a group of anxious newspapermen, shortly after Pearl Harbor, about the burning of a warehouse containing perhaps one-tenth of the nation's rubber stockpile. "It's all right, boys," he said; "the warehouse was insured." It is in the hands of this man, and some others with the same point of view, that the Baruch recommendations would leave the disposal of the key plants after the war.

At the present time synthetic tires are made chiefly from butadiene. Other rubber demands are being met largely from butyl and neoprene. Butyl is made from petroleum, under the aegis of Standard Oil; neoprene, whose chief ingredient is coal, is the baby of E. I. du Pont de Nemours. Butadiene is made from both petroleum and agricultural alcohol.

In Washington representatives of the British government and our own have been talking over synthetic rubber in relation to the international petroleum situation. Later the Dutch will be taken into the conference. Since both the British and Dutch found in the United States the biggest customer for their crude rubber before the Japanese overran their plantations, they naturally look with no favoring eye upon the setting up of a large-scale synthetic industry in this country. Placing the discussion on the lofty plane of conservation of the world's natural resources, they argue that since our synthetics are made mainly from petroleum and since petroleum is a rapidly failing and an irreplaceable commodity, while natural rubber is a crop that can be grown every year, manufacture of the synthetic product should not be encouraged. This argument, while not entirely ingenuous, will be used against all moves toward a protective tariff for our "infant" synthetics industry. Though much depends upon the damage which the Japanese will have inflicted upon the British and Dutch plantations in the Far East before the war is over, it is in the cards that synthetic rubber will provide stiff post-war competition to the natural product.

Fluctuations in the price of natural rubber since the beginning of the automotive age make a crazy-quilt pattern. It takes six or seven years for a rubber plantation to be brought to production, and the concentration of natural rubber in a few regions owned by a few nations made an economy of scarcity that at one time, in 1910, pushed the price of a pound of rubber up to a peak of $3.05. However, the development of new plantations and improvements in technology eventually brought the price down until in 1921 it was only 11 cents. Alarmed by such a rapid drop, the British in 1922 instituted the Stevenson plan for enforcing quotas and limiting production. For a short while the price rose to $1.20, but when new plantations, notably in the Dutch East Indies, came into production, the plan proved unworkable, and in 1928 it was dropped. By 1932 the price in New York had reached a new low of below 3 cents a pound.

The next British attempt at cartelization took in the Dutch, in 1934, and was called the International Rubber Regulation Agreement; its aim was to fix the price at from 10 to 12 cents a pound. Rearmament programs, however, soon made any such agreements academic; rubber rose to over 20 cents a pound in 1939 and remained between 20 and 30 cents until Pearl Harbor. After the Japanese conquest of most of the important plantations of the world, our government took control of the rubber stocks of the country and paid whatever price was asked.

Synthetics introduce a new factor into the calculation of future prices, since they set a ceiling of about 20 cents a pound on the natural product. Some natural rubber may be sold above this figure, but important consumers would turn to synthetics if the price of natural rubber went much above 20 cents. Most students of the price structure now agree that buna rubber will sell at from 14 to 16 cents a pound, butyl at from 7 to 9 cents, neoprene and the various vinyls at from 30 to 35 cents, and thickols at from 20 to 40 cents.

It is possible to make small automobile tires wholly of synthetic rubber, but so far they have not been able to equal the performance of natural-rubber tires. At moderate speed they give only about 90 per cent of the mileage and are even less efficient at high speed. This is largely because synthetic rubber has less resistance to heat. Larger tires have not yet been satisfactorily produced from synthetic rubber alone. Truck and bus tires require from 10 to 30 per cent of natural rubber, depending on the size. The natural rubber is not mixed with the synthetic but is used in side walls, where its properties are most needed. It should be remembered, however, that in the past twenty years the mileage of natural-rubber tires has increased from an average of 4,000 or 5,000 to the present 25,000 and that this development is not due to an improvement in the rubber itself but to improved techniques in the manufacture of tires. We have had a relatively short time in which to experiment with the buna rubbers, and further progress may well be made. There is a probability that not only truck but other tires will be made partly of natural, partly of synthetic rubber. The abrasion resistance of synthetic rubber is at least equal to that of natural rubber and can perhaps be made superior. In that case, tires with a carcass of natural rubber and a tread of synthetic might outperform tires made wholly of natural rubber. No mileage tests for this sort of tire have been made public.

Synthetic rubber will of course be used for other things than tires—for mechanical rubber goods, for example, and for belts and belting, hose, rubber tubing, floor coverings. For many of these the synthetic rubbers, taken as a group, have certain advantageous properties. Butyl rubber, for instance, has more satisfactory elec-

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trical qualities than natural. Neoprene, several kinds of thickol, and many vinyl compounds are less permeable more resistant to age and oxidation. Not many of synthetics have the physical strength of natural rubb but they do not need it in these specialized fields. About three-fourths of this market, therefore, research indicates, will be taken over by the makers of synthetics. Again, in the production of rubberized fabrics and clothing, synthetics may be counted on to occupy a dominant position in the future. Rubber cement and rubber gloves will also face synthetic competition.

If consumption after the war is still about 700,000 tons a year, the synthetic manufacturers are reasonably sure of selling 100,000 tons or more. About half of this will probably be butyl, because of its use in inner tubes and its low cost. The rest will be made up of neoprene and all the other materials which have one or more of the properties of rubber. If the composite tire is developed, the synthetic manufacturers will have an additional market for up to 200,000 tons.

Ever since our synthetic program was started, the vultures of monopoly have hovered over it, with their threat of scarcity and high prices. Baruch's plan for "taking the government out of business" as quickly as possible after the war is meat for these birds of prey. It is your money and mine which is invested in the great plants now turning out synthetics, though Goodyear, Firestone, and Goodrich, by their advertising, would make us think that they are the boys who are financing the show. If the people can keep control of some of the important plants, we may all of us profit from this new industry. For the time being, however, synthetic rubber is on the knees of Jesse Jones of Texas, and from there it is not likely to bounce into our lap.

Fortunately, a man-sized opposition to the Jones-Baruch scuttle program is now developing within the Administration itself. In a fighting speech delivered in San Francisco on April 14 Secretary of the Interior Ickes urged that instead of giving the government-owned plants back to the privateers at a price set by them these plants be run by federal corporations in which returning service men would be given both shares and jobs. The plants would then operate on the terms of genuine "free enterprise," not be closed down or run on a scarcity basis by the cartelists and monopolists. This imaginative proposal naturally arouses the ire of Standard Oil, Alcoa, and the others who are waiting for the plums to fall, but it will be studied with interest by all who seriously want full employment after this war. The synthetic-rubber plants will be at the center of the fight for genuine industrial democracy. Much of their value will be written off if they are returned to the private profit seekers. Under some sort of public operation they can produce sorely needed civilian goods at low cost and provide socially useful jobs for hundreds of thousands of our people.

In the Wind

CLIFTON'S, A LOS ANGELES RESTAURANT, publishes *Food for Thot*, a weekly bulletin of jokes, poems, and bits of homely philosophy. In a recent issue is a letter from a guest: "I have always liked Clifton's . . . but yesterday, while having lunch, two Negroes came and sat at my table. After that the food tasted like sawdust. I like the Negro people but I refuse to eat or sleep with them. . . . I will hereafter go to Schaber's, where they do not have Negroes. . . . Watch out, Clifton's." The management replied: "Frankly, we know of only one line of conduct consistent with our conscience and obligation as a citizen. It is our duty to serve all who enter our doors. . . . If the 'ruin' so often predicted is around the corner, then we prefer to be ruined."

THE *INDUSTRIAL WORKER*, published by the remnants of the old I. W. W., defines fascism as "the leftist movement of the middle or socially unproductive class," and goes on, "*The Nation* and the *New Republic* (pulp magazines financed by 'socially conscious' international financiers) have always been the organs of this neo-fascism posing as 'advanced thinking.' "

SURPLUS AIRPLANES which have been used in War Training Service can be bought from the Defense Plant Corporation through the Civil Aeronautics Authority, on a "where is and as is" basis.

TREND? From a speech by Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, as reported in the New York *Times:* "Every morning after low mass I pray for Joe Stalin and for Russia, as does every Catholic priest in the world."

IN THE *Union Labor News* of Santa Barbara the Southern California Edison Company advertises thus: "Planning to fix up your yard after the war? You're right, mister, a yard is *fun* when you have a barbecue . . . lighted garden . . . perhaps a badminton court or swimming pool. Why not plan your post-war yard now? . . . Remember, you'll need plenty of light. . . . The Edison Company will gladly help you plan the wiring." And a note at the bottom of the ad reads, "Conservation of electricity will help win the war."

FESTUNG EUROPA: The Rexists (Belgian Fascists) will soon open special elementary schools for their own children, because, says a Rexist paper, "our children are being heckled most of the time in the schools which they are now attending." . . . No eggs, meat, butter, or fats are obtainable on Czech ration cards. These are some typical black-market prices: butter, $10 a pound; eggs, 55 cents each; pork, $7 a pound; lard, $14 a pound; flour, $2.25 a pound; geese, $100 each. No clothing or shoes have been obtainable since the spring of 1943—except for Germans.

[*The prize for the best item received in April goes to Mrs. James G. Cooke of Los Angeles, for the story of the little Negro girl's suggestion that Hitler be put into a black skin and made to spend the rest of his life in America. It appeared in the issue of April 15.*]

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The Paradox of German Morale

BY PAUL SERING

IT IS not wise to leave any people, even if it be our enemy, without hope." That view, expressed in H. N. Brailsford's new book, "Our Settlement with Germany," does not seem to have the approval of Mr. Churchill's government. Though the demand for "unconditional surrender" has been practically abandoned for Germany's satellites—as indeed it must be if they are "to work their passage home"—Mr. Churchill has made it clear that in the case of Germany this formula will be adhered to. From the point of view of political warfare it may be useful, therefore, to analyze the repercussions which the Allied refusal of hope has had on German morale.

Ever since the autumn of 1942, when the German offensive came to a standstill at Stalingrad and the Allies landed in North Africa, the German leaders have known that they had lost their chance of victory. When the destruction of a German army at Stalingrad was followed by the collapse in Tunisia, the specter of defeat stared the German people in the face. Since then all the wiles of Goebbels and all the threats of Himmler have been unable to exorcise their fears. The diatribes in the German press against "fanatics of objectivity," the prophecies of secret weapons and Allied dissensions, the hardly veiled admissions that listening to the B. B. C. has become a mass habit in Germany—all tell the same story: hope of victory has gone. And this is confirmed by reliable direct reports.

The depression that has seized the people as a result of this loss of hope has been intensified by deep-cutting changes in the daily life of every German family. After Stalingrad came the new total-mobilization drive, the final comb-out of small shops, the conscription of women. Defeat in the east has meant terrible casualties; defeat in the air has brought horror upon horror to German civilians. Shortage of dwelling-space, noticeable already before the war, has become a real scourge; shortage of clothing seems also to have reached alarming proportions in some of the badly hit raid areas. Spreading all over the countryside, évacués from the gutted towns have told the tale to millions as yet immune and, crowding in upon them, have infected them with their misery. It is hard to imagine anything more demoralizing than this uprooting of millions, going on steadily against a background of lost battles and dwindling hope.

Yet there is no panic in German cities; neutral observers speak rather admiringly of the discipline of the stricken population. The German soldiers fight on and fight well. That is the paradox of German morale: if you define morale in terms of faith in victory and in the regime, it is rotten to the core. But if you define it practically, in terms of action, it seems as firm as ever in the fifth year of war.

Striking confirmation of this picture is found in the reports of German underground groups. We know from the German press itself that the prestige of the active Nazis among the bulk of the population has fallen very low under the impact of defeat; we know, too, that the raids and the consequent mass migration of workers, added to the influx of hordes of foreigners, have disorganized German administration to the point of loosening the grip of the police. It would be natural in the circumstances to hope for increased activity by the conscious anti-fascist minority, for expansion of their influence on the great non-political majority. Yet this is not the picture we get from available reports. The work of the underground goes on in spite of the increasing number of executions; it may even have increased somewhat in scale, but there has been no change in its character. The resistance groups have not experienced any marked expansion of influence, any breaking down of their isolation. The formation of an anti-Nazi group among the Munich students may have been symptomatic of a new critical spirit, but it has not so far proved to be the beginning of a new movement.

What is the explanation of this lack of progress? Why does Nazi discipline persist, anti-Nazi action remain paralyzed, although confidence in Nazi policy and strategy has gone? The answer is that the Nazis have succeeded in turning the very fear of defeat into an asset to fighting morale. With the great mass of the German people fear of defeat has ceased to be a political attitude; it has become an intensely personal fear—the fear of losing every chance to lead a decent, quiet life again. That is the burden of the Nazi press today, and you find it echoed on the fighting fronts: "If we lose, there is no hope for any of us."

No propaganda in the world is all-powerful. Some of Goebbels's tricks have failed completely. Why does he succeed with this one? Because experience seems to support his argument. One of the obsessions of Germans today is fear of Russia, but that arises less from Goebbels's ravings about Bolshevism than from knowledge of German atrocities in Russia.

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So far as the people's fears are due to a consciousness of guilt or to their experience of the horrors of war, little can be done about them. But an effort might be made, one would think, to remove those fears which are due to uncertainty about Allied intentions. For this uncertainty gives free scope to the Nazi propaganda of despair, rallies every instinct of self-preservation behind the Nazi regime on the eve of its defeat, debars the active anti-Nazis inside Germany from winning masses of their despairing countrymen to their cause. This uncertainty is today a vital factor in lengthening the war. It cannot be overcome by general assurances that the Allies are not barbarians or by political appeals backed by only one of the major Allies. It can be overcome only by a joint announcement of Allied intentions toward a defeated Germany.

[*This article is a condensed version of one that appeared in the London* Tribune.]

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

SUMMER vacations have been prescribed by law in Germany for some decades; even the lowest categories of employees and workers usually spend a few weeks at a summer resort. War-time pressures have increased the need for vacations, and the lack of things to buy has put more money in people's pockets, but the vacation season opened on April 1 with gloomier prospects than in any former year.

In the first place, the hotels and boarding-houses, before they could take guests, had to clean up after the évacués from the bombed cities who had been quartered in them. Hundreds of thousands of these évacués were thrown out on April 1. Next came a decree limiting the stay of any person in a resort hotel to two weeks; an exception may be made only when a physician's certificate or special permit is presented. Finally, there were the instructions issued by the "Führer of the Hotel Trade Economic Group" to the members of the "Subdivision for Bathing Resorts." To quote briefly from these:

> Instead of potatoes, which may be lacking, guests should be served bread against coupons but without extra payment. Guests must bring their own bed linen and cutlery and stay for the shortest time possible. It is the duty of the landlord to find out whether a guest has the right to stay, and he must insist on doctor's certificates being shown in advance. Wherever possible, guests must be required to sign a pledge not to use electricity for cooking or for ray treatments.

It looks, therefore, as if vacations this year would be rather dreary. However, the Stockholm paper *Trots Allt* for April 14 imparts the comforting information that one place is excepted from all these restrictions and difficulties. This is the pretty little resort of Hirschberg in the Riesengebirge, about two hours from Berlin. "Several thousand Nazi officials with their families," the dispatch says, "live there at the present time, some of them very prominent people. Nominally they live in Berlin and other large cities, courageously sharing with their subjects the vicissitudes and dangers of the air raids. Actually they stay far from any danger zone, amusing themselves in Hirschberg, which is exclusively reserved for them." They have even, according to this report, had the Berlin Opera come to Hirschberg and give performances.

It cannot have been pleasant for those who set the stage in Germany to be obliged to celebrate Hitler's recent birthday in accordance with the ritual followed for the past twelve years. No other course was open to them, for to ignore the day or tone down the celebrations would have been equivalent to a demonstration of defeatism. But they must have realized that under the circumstances the display would make a ghastly impression. The pathetic irony of the scene was indicated by the Berlin correspondent of the *Basler Nachrichten:*

> For the first time in a long while Berlin is beflagged again. The occasion is Hitler's birthday. In the midst of ruins, where whole streets and even quarters have been greatly damaged, the flags make a curious impression. If any parts of the destroyed houses still stand, little flags are hung out on them, but one can scarcely see them for the piles of debris, as high as a man's head. And the flags are not so close together as they used to be. They no longer form a forest of red, white, and black.

Moreover, the stage directors must have known that their public's receptivity to these ritualized panegyrics has been, to put it mildly, considerably diminished. A small but interesting symptom of the change is reported from Bremen, one of the towns that from the beginning has been bombed oftenest and hardest. In the local paper, the *Bremer Nachrichten,* for March 11 a statistician discussed with exhaustive thoroughness the subject of the names given to Bremen babies in 1943. The point which emerged—and which the article was obviously written to bring out—was that "one good German name which was formerly very frequently used was seldom given to Bremen boys last year." And what name was it? One can easily guess—Adolf. The author, of course, offers no explanation of the waning popularity of the name. He does, however, explain another contrasting phenomenon —the increasing use of the name Wolfgang. "The current predilection for Wolfgang," he says, "has undoubtedly been caused by a heightened appreciation of Goethe and Mozart."

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Posada: Artist of Revolution

BY DOROTHY C. MILLER

THE Mexican Revolution, as it is mirrored in Mexican art, has a richness of texture and color which is an expression not only of the political and emotional forces that made it but also of a great creative upsurge in the arts of the painter and the printmaker. In the perspective of art history this is unusual. Periods of war and revolution are often accompanied by important developments in social thinking. The arts develop more richly in times of peace.

In less than a hundred years Mexico has gone through a series of revolutions that have worked profound changes in its social and political institutions and given it a renaissance in the creative arts. As a matter of fact, the art developments can scarcely be thought of aside from the revolution; they are its voice and image, the truthful mirror of its action, violence, and suffering, and of its emotion, ideals, and aspirations. Most American art lovers have some acquaintance with the great figures of the later stage of this development—Orozco, Rivera, Siqueiros. But of José Guadalupe Posada, the forerunner who lived through the Mexican revolutions and caught the spirit of the popular forces that made them, the fertile source of Mexico's revolutionary art as definitely as the aspiration of the peasants for land and liberty was the source of its revolutionary power, we know all too little. Since 1937 some examples of Posada's prints have been shown in Mexico, Spain, New York, and Paris, but it has seemed as if the popular character of Posada's work and the simplicity and humility of the man himself had served to obscure his true stature outside his own country. In 1943 the Dirección General de Educación Estética of the Secretaría de Educación Pública organized a comprehensive exhibition of his work in Mexico City. The Art Institute of Chicago has now brought this important exhibition to the United States, the first major showing of Posada's art outside Mexico.

Brilliantly installed, the exhibition at the Art Institute contains some 800 catalogued items, a large number of which are new impressions pulled from Posada's original plates. The old impressions, issued inexpensively in large editions for the widest distribution, are often uneven in the printing and ill-suited to exhibition purposes. However, the show includes a number of these old impressions, most of them printed on brightly colored papers. Great interest is added by the inclusion of more than one hundred of the original plates as part of the exhibition. These plates are relief engravings on type metal and etchings on zinc. Dramatic use has been made of photographic enlargements of some of the prints to emphasize Posada's vehement composition and draftsmanship. Similar enlargements of the original plates give them the appearance of massive sculpture in relief. They underscore Posada's power as a designer and his relation to the ancient Mexican carvers of the Chac-Mool and Coatlicue, goddess of earth and death, the most terrifyingly powerful expression of the sculptural genius of Mexico.

Posada's art has certain affinities with the art of our own

Calavera *of the Newspapers.—Posada Here Employs a Favorite Form of Mexican Humor in Which the Living Are Depicted in Terms of the Dead*

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country. One is led to think of Thomas Nast, Currier and Ives, and "Pop" Hart, while realizing that Posada is more powerful than any of these, more fertile in imaginative design, and richer in folk quality. He was a popular artist in the best sense of the word, truly democratic, living as a simple artisan indifferent to the professional reputations of his day, caring nothing for material success, an inexhaustibly prolific worker who produced more than 20,000 engravings in a lifetime of passionate labor. His art was directed at the great masses of the Mexican people, and it springs directly out of their lives, their labors, and their hopes. Loyal always to his convictions as a liberal, Posada continually attacked in his work the Díaz dictatorship and its injustices. Imprisonment did not impair his enthusiasm. His work contributed vitally to the revolutionary cause. It became the foundation stone of Mexican printmaking and profoundly influenced the direction and development of Mexican art in our time.

Posada, who was born in 1852, lived through the times of Juarez's fight for Mexican freedom, the reaction of Díaz, and the brief rise of the martyred Madero. He did not live to see the end of the revolution to which he gave so much. As an artist Posada was self-taught. Before he was twenty he was famous for his illustrations in *El Jicote*, a small political newspaper published in his native Aguascalientes. In 1887 he went to live in Mexico City, working for many newspapers and periodicals, a number of which he helped to organize, and soon joining the staff of the publishing house of Antonio Vanegas Arroyo. This fortunate association lasted until Posada's death in 1913. The Vanegas Arroyo publishing house became the largest of its kind in Mexico, the analogue of Currier and Ives in the United States, and the brightly colored sheets which it printed were distributed to the remotest parts of the country. These sheets contained satirical, humorous, or dramatic comments on current news and politics and the incidents of the revolution, in the form of *corridos* or ballads, chiefly written by the poet Constancio S. Suárez; as well as prayers, lives of the saints, songs, comments on fashions and foibles, and famous trials and lives of criminals. The vigorous illustrations of Posada were the most important part of these publications.

Aside from the power and aesthetic appeal of his work Posada has much to say to us on the vexed questions of propaganda, popular art, and their relation to the art of the museums. It is to be hoped that this important exhibition of his prints, surely one of the best fruits of the cultural collaboration between the United States and Latin America, will be circulated throughout the country, where it can be seen not only by the general public but especially by artists. For as José Clemente Orozco has said: "Posada is the equal of the greatest artists, an admirable lesson in simplicity, humility, equilibrium, and dignity."

An excellent illustrated book by Fernando Gamboa of the Dirección General de Educación Estética, principal organizer of the exhibition in Mexico, and Carl O. Schniewind, curator of prints at the Art Institute of Chicago, provides the first extensive publication of Posada's work in this country. A supplementary one-room exhibition called "Who Is Posada?" has been designed by Ludwig Miës van der Rohe to give the cultural background for Posada's work.

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Professor, History of Christianity, Colgate-Rochester Divinity School

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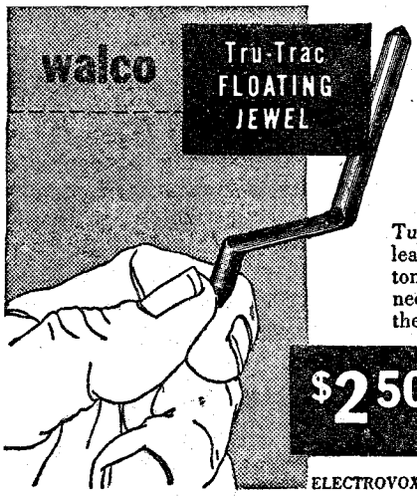

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"Outside in a Garden"

A HAUNTED HOUSE AND OTHER STORIES. By Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

IT IS surprising that Virginia Woolf did not produce more short stories: life for her was so much an affair of vivid moments. This thin book holds all of her shorter fiction which Leonard Woolf, her husband and editor, believes worth preserving. Of its eighteen stories, all quite brief, six are reprinted from her early collection, "Monday or Tuesday," seven appeared later in magazines, and five are hitherto unpublished. Small as the book is, it is well worth having. Mrs. Woolf's deficiencies are obvious enough; yet her almost visionary flights of language and fancy are still a marvel.

Among the pieces printed here the best are probably those out of "Monday or Tuesday." They are not "stories" at all but prose poems or monologues. String Quartette, for example, is the exquisite reverie of a woman sitting in a London concert hall and listening to Mozart amid echoes of a war, banal small talk, and the trite promptings of memory.

> . . . if I bethink me of having forgotten to write about the leak in the larder, and left my glove in the train; if the ties of blood require me, leaning forward, to accept cordially the hand that is perhaps offered hesitatingly—
> "Seven years since we met!"
> "The last time in Venice."
> "And where are you living now?"

Such writing recalls Eliot's early monologue poems and other works of the same period by Joyce and Pound. There is the same weaving together of images from the inner and outer life of the character; the same pathos of contrast between great art and petty reality, the heroic past and the deplorable present. That was the Age of the Soliloquy, and Mrs. Woolf brought to it her own brilliant sensibility and wonderful gifts of verbalization. But by contrast with Eliot or Joyce, one notes that her thought rarely crystallizes into general beliefs and that, as a result, her writing seldom gathers itself up into luminous symbols and far-reaching statements. When she delivers a generalized comment, it is apt to sound only a little less bouncing than a Macy ad:

> Why, if one wants to compare life to anything, one must liken it to being blown through the Tube at fifty miles an hour—landing at the other end without a single hairpin in one's hair. Shot out at the feet of God entirely naked. Tumbling head over heels in the asphodel meadows like brown-paper parcels pitched down a shoot in the post-office.

That life is, after all, a delicious romp is not what Mrs. Woolf appears to have wanted to say in The Mark on the Wall, the generally grave and beautiful early piece from which this passage is quoted. Yet the passage represents to perfection what a younger generation of English writers came to execrate as the Bloomsbury touch—the careful and almost deliberate reduction of experience to a pretty triviality. Yes, Mrs. Woolf certainly had her moments of lush inconsequence, together with much seriousness of feeling and intention. She was perhaps too warmly persuaded of art's merely "decorative" mission, a faith she shared with the imagist poets and with painters like Gauguin, Whistler, and Laurencin. So she proceeded to treat people as features

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CHURCHILL—Who is going to succeed him?

Inveterate cigar smoking and brandy drinking Churchill has had pneumonia twice within a year. Neither health nor temperament is likely to make him suitable as post-war Prime Minister . . . Who will deal with the problems of reconstruction—labor, social insurance, housing? . . . Captain John Dugdale, Labor M.P., offers much inside political information in appraising the chances of the six leading probabilities—Conservative's Eden, Butler, Anderson . . . and Labor's Attlee, Morrison, Bevin. Read "Who Will Succeed Churchill?" in the May American Mercury.

THE ANTI-LIBERAL American "Liberals"

One of the appalling psychological and political hypocrisies of this period is laid bare with brutal frankness in "A Letter to American Liberals" by Eugene Lyons in the May Mercury . . . Though they hailed the Atlantic Charter, self-styled "liberals" now think nothing of scrapping it . . . They have lost interest in the small nations and the large decencies which they once loudly championed . . . They have embraced the doctrines of power politics and expediency . . . Mr. Lyons piles up facts and asks questions that must be faced by every honest American, in an article that will be one of the most discussed—and cussed.

"PEACE NOW" The Story of a Goofy Movement

It takes courage or goofiness or downright treachery to start a peace movement in the midst of a war like this one . . . yet it was done . . . by a strange combination of men and women ranging from a Harvard teacher to a peeping Tom. For all the details of this bizarre movement, and those who organized and ran it, read "'Peace Now' Rests in Peace" by Russell Whelan and Thomas M. Johnson.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY May Issue—Out Now

Other features in the May Mercury: Misconceptions About the Japanese . . . Mailed Fist in Tennessee . . . Notes on Wendell Willkie . . . Living in Cairo Today . . . Pat Hurley, Ambassador at Large . . . The Roosevelt Supreme Court . . . The Decline of New York City . . . How A Great Army Collapses . . . The Treasury Traps Spies . . . Guide to Guns . . . Malignant Malaria . . . *Fiction . . . Theatre . . . Books . . . Poetry . . . Open Forum . . .*

About a Great Frenchman:

Commenting on the reported death of Herriot, France's great liberal statesman, Time *said "death came to Edouard Herriot, but not to his words, not to his memory." . . . One of our proudest memories here at The American Mercury is that we published his last written words. In 1941, through underground channels, out of fallen France, we received an article by Herriot. It was the first—and as far as we know the only—democratic statement that came from a leader still inside defeated France. Shortly after the article was published, Herriot was arrested, as he must have known he would be . . . The privilege of carrying such a message under such circumstances is one that we shall always cherish.*

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in a cosmic design of which the prime elements were derived from the landscape and the weather. Such an idea is legitimate enough in itself, though to carry it out successfully the artist would surely need to be free of any pressing sense of emotional complications either in herself or in other people. But the later stories in this volume—not to mention her novels—make it clear that Mrs. Woolf had no such equanimity.

Her later narratives are more dramatic than her earlier ones; they are the kind of story that undertakes to suggest an entire life through a single brief illumination, and they are full of an urgent emotion. All rather special cases, her characters suffer acutely from isolation; they feel themselves to be "walled in," to be "behind glass"; or as she writes of the heroine of A Summing Up, ". . . she was condemned to be herself and could only in this silent and enthusiastic way, sitting outside in a garden, applaud the society of humanity from which she was excluded." But there is not much applauding of humanity or of anything else in these rather sad tales. When common humanity does appear, it is represented as conventionally grim and stuffy —a caricature. Nor are Mrs. Woolf's "special cases" at all happy in their singularity: they repeatedly avow their sense of inadequacy; they confess to a bitter self-contempt. And they are so unsociable that they do not even confess, like Chekhov's characters, to other people but only to themselves. In fact, neither in Chekhov nor in Lawrence nor in Anderson nor in Katherine Mansfield is there anything equal to the unrelieved melancholy and frustration of the world of Mrs. Woolf's characters.

Even within their rather narrow limits her later stories are not by any means equally successful, though several of them are certainly masterpieces. When she attacks her subject directly and without the assistance of fantasy, she is apt to leave us merely impatient and dispirited. She brings to bear on her special cases so little historical insight and so little of either the tragic or the comic imagination that her art seems to exist at the same level of baffled sensibility as the life of her characters. But there are at least two really unforgettable tales among Mrs. Woolf's later performances, Solid Objects and Lapin and Lappinova, each involving a fantastic and beautiful conceit and each a true fable. The plight of all Mrs. Woolf's characters is perfectly summed up in little Lappinova, who can endure marriage only by pretending that she and her husband are not man and woman but a pair of rabbits in the fields.

F. W. DUPEE

History as Accident

U. S. S. R.: THE STORY OF SOVIET RUSSIA. By Walter Duranty. J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.

WITH more than a quarter of a century for perspective Walter Duranty has set down the sequence of events which make the story of Soviet Russia from the Czar's abdication to the Moscow conference. The narrative is brilliant and subdued. There are no new facts or explanations. For one reason or another, a great deal that is widely known and understood is wholly omitted or presented casually. Russia is serving the whole of mankind in this war; this is bound to overshadow everything. What is left of the story is fascinating enough. Those for whom Russia's recent past is still a mystery will find the book an attractive introduction to a theme that will grow in importance with the years. People already familiar with the main outlines of Soviet history will perhaps be more interested in the author's approach to his material. The value of a history derives from the historian's values.

Mr. Duranty explains at the outset that the determining factor in Russian history has been the flatness of the Russian land. It is an open land, exposed and undefended, therefore forced to submit to one strong ruler. From the beginning, we are told, Russia was doomed to autocracy and to an unending fight for a strong, central, protective power against outer enemies. Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great built the czarist autocracy. Despite its oppression, it might have survived popular opposition except for the fact that Nicholas II was weak and vacillating. History is thus determined by the unalterable accident of geography and the alterable accident of the ruler's character.

This makes the 1917 revolution also something of an accident. At any rate, the author believes firmly that its Marxist appearance was accidental. Lenin, a man of strong and resolute character, gave the revolution a Marxist tinge. Actually it was a national revolution from the beginning, like that of 1789. The rest was an illusion which time corrected.

On these basic presuppositions the story moves swiftly along expected lines through war, revolution, intervention, counter-revolution, terror, famine, and the immense creative labor of founding a Soviet state and society. But Lenin's death was followed by gigantic conflicts, political and personal. The Five-Year Plan marked a turning-point as sharp and far-reaching as October. This compels the author to redefine his historical principles.

Here they are given as personality and luck. He accepts with some reservations Carlyle's view of the hero in history. He believes without reservation in luck as a major historical force. Again and again he sees the hand of accident in changes of the utmost importance. In the end personality and luck triumph. Just as for twenty years the history of France became the history of Napoleon, so the history of Russia became the history of Stalin. Apart from these theories the chapter called Portrait of a Strong Man is one of the most interesting in the book.

The principles of geography, accident, personality, and luck are not applied consistently or effectively. They fail to give this vivid memoir genuine historical coherence. It is not always clear just what fundamental changes took place at any time or what the mainsprings of Russia's development have been. The author concludes, however, that Stalin "found it necessary to abandon 'communism' so called, which offered no incentive to the average man, and to revert to a system almost equivalent in method to capitalism."

The system is defined as state capitalism. It was this, we are told, which transformed Russia from an agricultural to an industrial country and enabled it to prepare its defenses against the German assault which Stalin foresaw.

Toward the end the key to the entire narrative emerges. During the whole of modern Russian history, events have moved consistently to the present war, from which every-

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thing that went before derives its meaning and everything to come can take its start. Like the histories of a hundred other periods, ranging from Solon's Greece to the French Revolution, this is one in which the future determines the past. Within these assumptions, it is one of the best accounts of Soviet Russia available. JOSEPH FREEMAN

Fiction in Review

OF THE three novelettes in Stefan Zweig's "The Royal Game" (Viking Press, $2.50) only the title story is making its first appearance in book form; it is Zweig's last work of fiction; the other two stories are already familiar to an American audience. Amok, you will recall, is the story of a doctor in the Dutch Indies who refuses an abortion to the woman he desires and thus precipitates her death; both in conception and writing it is mechanical almost to the point of slickness. Letters from an Unknown Woman, the record of the love of a beautiful woman for a faithless writer, you will remember as pure Mayerling Vienna, a sad-sweet confection on the level of adolescent romancing. Compared to these companion pieces, The Royal Game is a serious and adult literary effort—a story that has at least the beginnings of a first-rate idea, for a good part of its way hints at profound meanings, and for all its way has a terrific dramatic tension. Set on board a ship bound for South America, it is a study of the conflict, over a chessboard, between brute mental power and the divided mind of civilized man; one suspects it was intended as a political parable along the lines of Thomas Mann's "Mario and the Magician." But despite its dramatic suspense and its classic narrative skill, the story doesn't come off. Neither the psychological nor the symbolic point is ever made, and the story ends without resolution. "The Royal Game" turns out at last to be no more than an anecdote, and one is frustrated in proportion as one has been promised a large imaginative experience.

W. Somerset Maugham's "The Razor's Edge" (Doubleday, Doran, $2.75) is subtitled "The story of a man who found a faith," but it is not a religious novel. It is not even a mystical novel, really, despite the fact that one of its chief characters is the man who finds faith, in India, in the mystical worship of the Absolute. For Maugham's concern with the realm of the unworldly—and it is not a new concern—is scarcely more serious than his purely mundane concerns. He has an amateur's interest in the spirit which is perhaps only the natural counterpart of his ever-waning interest in the fruitful human possibility. "A chill went down my spine as it strangely does when I am confronted with deep and genuine emotion. I find it terrible and rather awe-inspiring," he says of himself in "The Razor's Edge," and he reveals the flirtatious nature of his occasional excursions into mysticism just as he suggests the reason for the failure of his whole literary career. Mysticism, that is, is bound to be inviting to the person who is afraid of the deep emotions; yet it can never fully win him, any more than humanity can fully win him. All the characters in Maugham's latest novel inevitably inhabit the non-dimensional universe which is all that is left when the deep emotions have been disavowed.

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FILMS

Death Takes a Powder

DEATH, lately, and bereavement have been getting a good deal of friendly attention from Hollywood. God has been let in out of the rain, too (though I must save discussion of that for another time). Adversity makes strange bedfellows; and there are always people on hand to go through their pants' pockets while they sleep, just on the chance. The real wonder is not that Hollywood is so eager to exploit the grief, anguish, fear, premonition, and troubled spiritual apprehension of everyone on earth it can reach, but that it has been so slow in recognizing the magnificence of its opportunity to do so. It is more than possible, too, that a good deal of this extremely lucrative exploitation is "sincere." Certainly it would seem a natural, even inevitable function of a popular art which was half worthy of its reach, its responsibilities, and its potentialities—which was, in other words, even half healthy, even a fraction alive—to undertake these immense experiences and preoccupations and to bring to them some measure, however meek, of understanding, order, and illumination.

But nothing of that sort occurs in the films I am thinking of; indeed, every effort is made to keep anything of that sort from occurring.

"Happy Land" set up a pretty, prettily photographed American town without an ounce of meanness or ugliness or even complicatedness in it, set up an American boy to match, took him off to war, killed him, and assured his grieving father that that special boyhood, in that special town, was unarguably worth dying for. This questionable thesis was demonstrated by Harry Carey, a ghostly grandfather who made it clear that just as there is nothing much to worry about above ground in our native land, the American Hereafter is a pleasant Old Soldiers' Home.

"A Guy Named Joe" told of an ace who was killed and who promptly got steady employment from his heavenly boss, Lionel Barrymore, teaching a neophyte how to become an ace too. This ghost has also to watch his young pupil court his former sweetheart, and to cure her of her grief over himself. In bare outline and idea this story offers a good workable metaphor for tradition in an art of skill, and wonderful possibilities for drama. The jealousy of a living lover for a dead man made one of Joyce's finest stories; the emotions a ghost might feel who watched a living man woo and cajole his former mistress seem just as promising to me; the paralysis and slow healing of a bereaved woman is not a bad subject, of itself. But to make such a film—above all at such a time as this—would require extraordinary taste, honesty, and courage. The makers of "A Guy Named Joe" had courage, if a moral idiot has it; I doubt whether taste and honesty enter into it at all. I can hardly conceive of a picture more stonily impious. Joe's affability in the afterlife is enough to discredit the very idea that death in combat amounts to anything more than getting a freshly pressed uniform; and he is so unconcerned as he watches Van Johnson palpitate after Irene Dunne that he hardly bothers to take his gum out of his mouth. The people who have the best right to picket God on this matter, or at least Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, are the dead whom the film is supposed to honor; failing that, widows, and the surviving pupils and lovers, can hardly make adequate protest.

The astonishing "Tender Comrade" is one in the eye for widows, with plenty for mere war wives too, and nothing I can imagine for anyone else except the hardiest misogynists, for whom it should prove the biggest treat and the most satisfying textbook in years. "Tender Comrade" gets along without dry ice and well-fed ghosts; its comfortable realism suggests an infinitely degraded and slickened "Little Women." The highest-salaried tender comrade is Ginger Rogers, hilt-deep in her specialty as a sort of female Henry Fonda. She is a girl named Jo. In flashbacks you are given her courtship, marriage tiffs, etc., with *her* tender comrade, who is now away at war. They have the curious accuracy of those advertising dialogues in which Mr. and Mrs. Patchogue eliminate their erotic blockages by wrangling their way through to a good laxative. Jo is waiting out the war in a rented house with four other female comrades, of whom three are working in an aircraft plant. The fourth shows how any decent refugee can meet the servant shortage by refusing any pay for housekeeping; the others prove their Americanism by splitting their wages with her—whether she pays for their food out of her cut is not indicated. The only one who shows any signs of disliking all the cooperative, sorority-house democracy, which all but suffocated me, and of having enough sex in her to suggest that many women may be inconvenienced or even tempted, at present, is branded also as a sucker for Axis propaganda and as especially undiscriminating about men. Miss Rogers consistently addresses these companions as "kids," her baby as "little guy" or "Chris Boy." At the climax, getting news of her husband's death, she subjects this defenseless baby to a speech which lasts twenty-four hours and five minutes by my watch and which, in its justifications of the death, the obligations it clamps on the child, and its fantastic promises of a better world to come, is one of the most nauseating things I have ever sat through. It is terribly pitiful—to choose the mildest word—to think how much of America this scene and the picture as a whole are likely to move, console, corroborate, and give eloquence to. For in every word, inflection, gesture, motive, and act, the thing seems as fiercely, ultimately exact as Gertie MacDowell. A mass of women, frightening to conceive of, and the women's magazines, and the movies must have created each other mutually to belong so wholly to each other; and when you see such a film as this you have seen the end. What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.

Compared with such sugartit treatments of death and its consequences "Between Two Worlds" seems very decent indeed. But really it isn't, very; it is just "Outward Bound" brought up to date, sad to think of as the best we can do. Most of the newly dead on this ocean liner bound for eternity are killed by a very up-to-date bomb, but the bomb also helps destroy the highly theatrical but quite chilly suspense which was the best thing in the play; you know they are all dead from the start, instead of discovering the fact as gradually as they do. Also there are no soldiers aboard—to say nothing of an enemy; and for ferry service from a world so saturated with death, the ship seems strangely empty—a fact that was not obtrusive in a day when death was not obtrusive. The characters, though they are sincerely played, are convincing neither as individuals nor as generalizations. They are drawn with the coarseness peculiar to genteelism, and their dramatic gyrations, even at best, are operatic-Piccadilly, as of twenty years ago. Their inventor does have the nerve—which we seem to have lost—to conceive that such characters face judgment and that it is a judgment worth fearing; and the judgment seems, within its liberal-

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agnostic limits, compassionate and gently—too gently—intelligent. That people ever took this for a distinguished play is a measure of something stultified and sadly hungry, in that time, about the general sense of life and death; today, the play speaks through moral and theatrical traditions which are receding so rapidly that the whole business is like a politely murmured withdrawal from a drawing-room which turned out to be a slaughterhouse. Whether we like it or not we are beyond things like "Between Two Worlds," however decent and sober their intention. And whether we know it or not—and I believe most soldiers and many civilians know it—we are beyond and above the cruel, fetid, criminal little myths about death which are the best, so far, that Hollywood has furnished out of its own immediate day. They are as evil as cosmetics on a cadaver.

JAMES AGEE

DANCE

IN A recent Sunday article Edwin Denby wrote that people had been asking him to tell them off the record whether the popular-priced ballet at New York's City Center was really any good. His answer was that the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe was a company of first-rate dancers who were handicapped by the deficiencies of the theater and by the monstrous overworking of their leading dancers, Danilova, Franklin, and Youskevitch. But he wrote his article before the end of the first week of the engagement, when the most monstrous abuse of these dancers occurred: since it was appearing under city auspices the company gave a special performance on Friday afternoon for high school students, then went on to give the regular Friday evening performance, two performances on Saturday, two on Sunday, and "by public demand"—meaning managerial greed—an extra performance on Monday, which originally had been scheduled as a day of rest. As a result, I was reliably informed, the dancers went through Monday's ballets in evident exhaustion.

But I think Mr. Denby was too generous in calling the Monte Carlo a first-rate company. It has lost all but three of its great dancers—which is why these three are overworked; and the supporting company around these three is quite poor. And its repertory no longer includes some of the outstanding works in which the great dancers it has lost —Toumanova, Massine, Eglevsky—used to appear. If, nevertheless, one goes to its performances and puts up with the poor supporting company and with things like "Red Poppy" and "Ancient Russia" and "Snow Maiden," it is because, as Mr. Denby wrote, "no dance lover will want to miss seeing Danilova, Youskevitch, or Franklin," or, he might have added, "Rodeo," "Serenade," "Beau Danube," and "Gaité parisienne."

It is the Ballet Theater which, by virtue of its leading dancers and the company that supports them, may be called first-rate; and which now treats its great dancers with admirable consideration. Markova now dances in only one of the evening's ballets—which may be as long as "Romeo and Juliet" or as short as the "Nutcracker" pas de deux; and the first two Mondays she did not dance at all. But it seems to me that this way of being considerate of its leading dancers imposes on the Ballet Theater the further obligation to be fair to the public by publishing casts. The person who pays up to $4.20 for a seat should be allowed to know whether for that price he is going to see Markova and in what. Having read reports of her performances he may have chosen one of them to spend his money on, and have bought his seat well in advance; and he should not discover when he arrives in the theater that she is not dancing that role, or perhaps that she is not dancing at all this evening, and that in her place in the classical ballet he is not even going to see exquisite Hightower, but acrobatic Gollner. And in addition a person who pays up to $4.20 to see Markova in "Romeo and Juliet" is entitled not to have his view of Markova in "Romeo and Juliet" repeatedly cut off by latecomers. The City Center gave him an uninterrupted view of Danilova in "Swan Lake" for only $2.40.

The Ballet Theater's repertory also is a rich one, with many fine works and of course a few that are insignificant ("Romantic Age") or quite bad ("Helen of Troy," "Gala Performance," "Mlle. Angot"), and with adequate representation of the classics and the works of most modern choreographers. One modern choreographer, however, Balanchine, is inadequately represented—by only one work, "Apollo," which was scheduled only twice in the present engagement. This is inadequate because Balanchine, as Mr. Denby wrote after the Monte Carlo performance of "Serenade," "is the greatest choreographer of our time." It is important to have that stated authoritatively; but more important is what Mr. Denby said in explanation of his statement. "His style is classical: grand without being impressive, clear without being strict. It is humane because it is based on the patterns the human body makes when it dances; it is not—like romantic choreography—based on patterns the human body cannot quite force itself into. His dance evolutions and figures are luminous in their spacing, and of a miraculous musicality in their impetus. Sentiment, fancy, and wit gave them warmth and immediacy. But as the audience actually watches, it all looks so playful and light, so unemphatic and delicate, it doesn't seem to call for noisy applause. Ten years later, when noisier successes have faded, one finds with surprise that his have kept intact their first freshness and their natural bloom."

To that repertory there have now been added two new ballets. The first, Agnes De Mille's "Tally-Ho," has music by Gluck which leaves one's ears battered and sore from the almost uninterrupted trumpets and drums of Paul Nordoff's scoring and the blatant performance conducted by Dorati; it has a charming set by Motley, and costumes, also by Motley, which wonderfully point up the witty movements and gestures with which De Mille introduces her characters in their initial situations. Unfortunately she has not realized the end of the story in dance terms as entertaining or even as clear in meaning as those of the beginning. De Mille herself, Laing, Dolin, and the others give the work a first-rate performance.

On the other hand Jerome Robbins's "Fancy Free" carries its brilliant caricature unfalteringly to the very end. What is sharpened into caricature is the ways of sailors; and the dance movements with which this is done are themselves sharpened caricature of everything from low-down dances of sailors and their girls in dance halls to the styles of famous ballet dancers and choreographers. Oliver Smith's scenery is beautiful in color and his backdrop is superb; but the aggressiveness of the exaggerated distortion of his foreground construction bothered me. That, however, was nothing compared with the aggressive self-intrusiveness of Leonard Bernstein's music. The performance by the young second-line dancers—Robbins, Kriza, and Lang as the trio of sailors, Bentley, Reed, and Eckl as the girls—is as brilliant as the ballet.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Help Yugoslavia!

Dear Sirs: There's so much to be done awakening Americans to the actual situation in some European countries which are potentially among the best friends we have. We simply can't let them down. I wish I could root in person for Yugoslavia, for example. I'm writing my friends to do everything they can to boost our all-out help to these wonderful people. Here is a peasant army of 300,000 doing an incredibly superb job with almost nothing in the way of equipment and supplies. And both the army and the part of the country it occupies are being run on an absolutely democratic basis.

IN THE SERVICE

Cairo, Egypt

Is It Journalism?

Dear Sirs: About a year and a half ago the Chungking government organized a School of Journalism and Dean Ackerman of Columbia University gave it his blessing by sending along four or five faculty members from his school. He also announced at the time that someone had anonymously donated $125,000 for the support of the school for a certain period. The announcement of the enterprise was made by Hollington K. Tong, Vice-Minister of Information in the Chungking government, and all information from Chungking led to the conclusion that the School for Journalism was merely a branch of Tong's propaganda department. In other words, the object was to train Chinese for service as public-relations men in the various Chinese consulates and embassies all over the world.

Those who are sincerely concerned with democratic development in China held their peace until recently when Hollington K. Tong announced the appointment of a new dean of the department, one Rodney Gilbert, who has been a member of the contributing staff of the *Herald Tribune,* writing under the name of Heptisax. It now develops that Gilbert, up to about ten years ago, was a notoriously anti-Chinese writer on the staff of the British *North China Daily News* at Shanghai. Gilbert has never taught journalism but has been a visiting lecturer on the staff of Columbia University.

The episode is of special interest because Ackerman has always adopted a sanctimonious attitude toward journalism and never passes up an opportunity to write a letter to somebody, opposing fascist tendencies in journalism.

JOURNALIST

New York, April 20

Mr. Browder Protests

Dear Sirs: My attention has been drawn to your issue of April 15, in which you publish a letter from Bernardo Ibañez of Chile complaining that I had slandered him in a speech of January 30, and that I am "a man devoid of any sense of responsibility."

May I point out, as a matter of public record, that it was from friends of Mr. Ibañez that public announcement was made that he had appealed for the recognition of the Bolivian government, and that he had been in consultation with men in the United States who wished that he should displace Vicente Lombardo Toledano as president of the Confederation of Latin American Workers. Mr. Ibañez could hardly have failed to know of these public announcements, since he was in the United States when they were made, and was in association with the persons who made them. Yet he did not find it necessary then to deny the statements made by his own friends and associates, nor does he do so now; he merely says that when I take public notice of what his friends announce on his behalf, it is I who am guilty of "calumny."

I suggest that any *Nation* reader who is really interested in the facts behind this incident read in the *New Leader* of February 12 an article by a friend of Ibañez, José Antonio Jerez. This is a truly indecent attack on Vicente Lombardo Toledano, and a naive exposé of the activities of Ibañez as well as of his ambitions. If Mr. Ibañez were seriously interested in protecting his good name in the United States he would publicly repudiate this article published in his behalf. This he has not done.

My interest in this question lies primarily in combating misinformation spread in the United States concerning the Latin American labor movement. Lombardo Toledano needs no defense from me. He is the unquestioned spokesman for the Latin American labor movement, heading its representation to the International Labor Office and to the London Congress to be held in June; he is also the spokesman for millions of Latin American democrats and a major political leader of his own country, Mexico. For the honor of our own country we cannot tolerate the spreading of public calumny against this man, the most eminent of Latin Americans.

EARL BROWDER

New York, April 18

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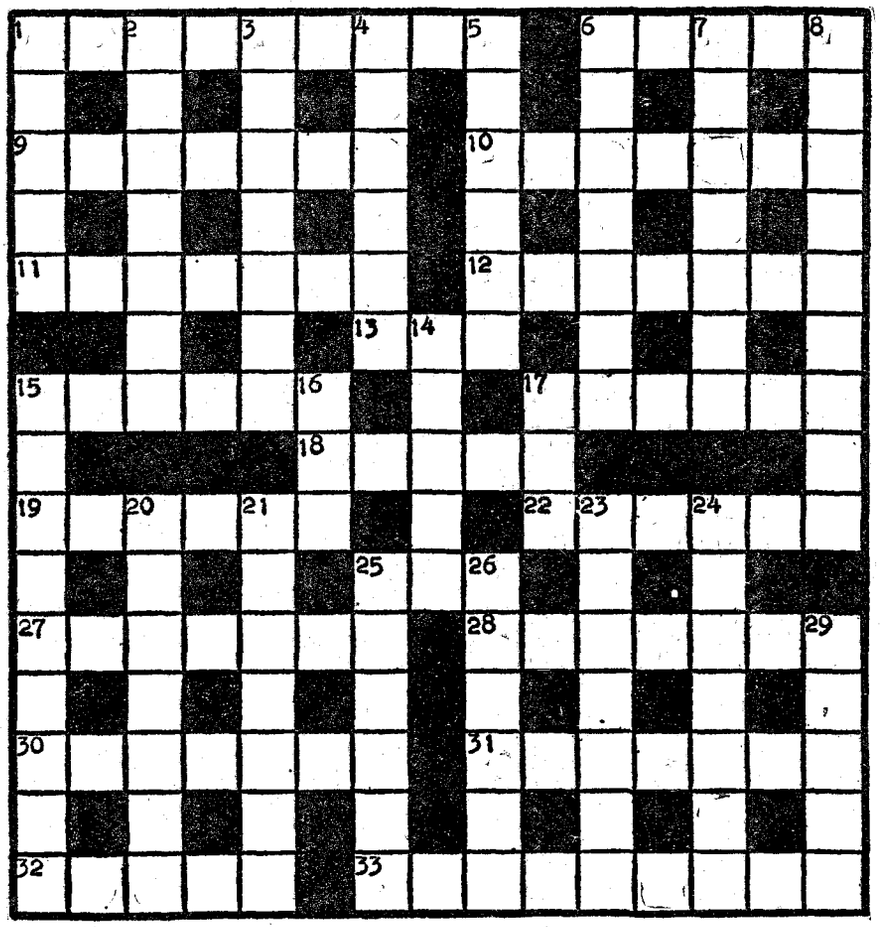
Cross-Word Puzzle No. 62

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 One would hardly choose to ride in this vehicle
6 Some are born mothers, others have motherhood thrust upon them
9 Administrator who is almost perfect
10 He discovered, among other things, the trouble they had brewing in France
11 Mail, etc. (anag.)
12 One kind of cartridge
13 She's a little deer!
15 Having a voracious appetite, yet thin for the most part
17 Puzzle in game
18 No pie, I guess
19 No, sir, O what a turn!
22 Got the ball up or over, on the golf course
25 The girl from Hunan (she doesn't look very Chinese!)
27 The heavy is ill in Va.
28 Just a case of brains
30 "As for a camel To thread the postern of a - - - - - - - eye" (*Richard II*)
31 It will be obvious when you get it
32 Spray these flowers through these
33 Do not tear (anag.)

DOWN

1 Mold in which things buried are not out of sight
2 Where an intermittent buzzing tells of a number engaged
3 Real dew (anag.)
4 Lands in which to catch her
5 A show of anger marks the end of the dominion
6 It takes a wise man to discover one, Diogenes found (two words, 4 and 3)
7 "You have displaced the mirth, broke the good - - - - - - -, With most admired disorder" (*Macbeth*)
8 Is unarmed, but well able to take care of the children
14 Might be in a rare pickle when I get on fore and aft
15 "An ultra-poetical, super-aesthetical, out-of-the-way young man" (*Patience*)
16 Over there
17 Serpentine fish not found in the Serpentine
20 The cause of some patient suffering
21 One can't imagine these prophets being dumb, but Milton did
23 An enthusiastic reception on the whole, despite the eggs at the outset
24 Neptune's fish-spear?
25 "Unaccustomed as I am . . ."
26 Accident I'd escaped
29 Mostly a friend, and entirely your best one

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 61

ACROSS:—1 DECEIVER; 5 YOICKS; 10 NAPHTHA; 11 ASSAULT; 12 EXTORT 14 HEAT-WAVE; 16 NUDISTS; 17 OLDER; 18 NERO; 20 ERRATUM; 22 INCH; 24 NABOB; 26 STAGGER; 29 SARGASSO; 30 STREET; 32 ASTRIDE; 33 MANDATE; 34 FIDGET; 35 SKITTLES.

DOWN:—1 DONNED; 2 CAPITOL; 3 INTERNEE; 4 ELAN; 6 ONSETS; 7 COURAGE; 8 SETTER ON; 9 TAPES; 13 TURRETS; 14 HIDALGO; 15 ATTUNES; 19 TIPSTAFF; 21 MARTINET; 23 CAROTID; 25 OVERALL; 26 SATIRE; 27 ASKEW; 28 STEERS; 31 AMOK.

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